Let Them Eat Cake

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Let Them Eat Cake

by BitterBlue01

Summary

Hannibal is infatuated with a certain sassy, stubborn baker who he hires to cater one of his famous dinner parties. A dark twist unfolds that will leave no one spared, as the two drown in their shared sweet bloodlust for each other.

also fun descriptions of French deserts and other baked goods

Notes

This was suppose to be quick smut but I got throttled by PLOT and testing my hand at writing sensual descriptions. So this will only be two long chapters, but your smut will be given ;)

Stay Schnazzy

Chapter 1

This was getting boring. It is always boring, but something about today is making time crawl on by, and Hannibal was bored.

Alana was chattering like a bird about the upcoming charity auction sponsored by Hopkins, and how eager she is to see old colleagues and friends. Hannibal would usually be more attentive to this particular conversation, as a treasured mentor and successful member of the Hopkins lineage of doctors and surgeons alike this usually meant the time of year to inflate his ego and flaunt among past rivals and relive memories. Alana is to be his date to the occasion, and they were currently strolling along Baltimore's shopping district. They had already visited a few choice establishments, Hannibal's stomping grounds for fine-cut suits and for Alana, lovely gowns, and jewels.

The former mentee chose black for the event and stated she wished to present a more mature look, no doubt flaunting to Hannibal that their age difference is no issue since she was supposedly mature beyond her years. To this, Hannibal did not care, the woman was a righteous moral obstacle at worst and an alibi for late night hunts at best. That being said, he did admire her and appreciate her gentle beauty.

He held all three of her shopping bags, ever the gentleman, and an arm for her to hold as they walked. At least the weather was lovely, crisp autumn in October with blue skies, a simple distraction from her mundane prattle.

"Oh Hannibal, let's go in there!"

Her cheery pitch drew him out of his mind, and he followed her stare to a vintage looking store, all craftsman carved wood detail and ornate heavy door a blazing copper. A crafted plank sign above the door read "GRAHAM BAKERY" in simple script burnt into the paneling. It showed off the work, nothing generic and everything handmade.

"A friend of mine was praising their pastries, saying it was a very warm atmosphere." She was already gently tugging Hannibal towards the store. He decided to simply go along and criticize some pastries, they may serve some decent coffee at least.

As they entered, a bell tinkled signaling their arrival and Hannibal found the store more charming on the inside. The walls were a slate black with more crafted wood paneling. Exposed wooden beams arched high in the front of the store, floating shelves held novels of various sort with charming black and white photos in copper framing. Tables were scattered about, simple black leather seating on the wood-stained floors. Even an old fireplace was present and updated with brass gate and stoker. Past all the seating was the long counter that operated as a showcase for various French pastries, breads, and desserts.

Hannibal hummed, pleased with the dark and warm scene, and anticipated the possible coffee. Behind the service counter was a second that held more displays, extra food storage, and a beautiful French press coffee maker. Alana was already squinting at the cream-colored

menu and looking at the display cases. Hannibal looked about for a worker when a tired voice called from the back.

“Coming!” very gruff, not friendly.

Alana frowned a bit but did not steer from her mission and leaned closer to Hannibal. “What are you going to order?” An excuse to be near him, whisper in his ear.
He did not bother to lean in or turn towards her but continued to watch the kitchen doors. They were dark wooden saloon style. “A simple coffee will suffice.”
Alana nodded like he told her a fascinating tale, “me too, but I want to try one of their pastries.” The doors swung open, and Hannibal was face to face with the owner.

A slight man, he hid behind wire frames and wild chocolate curls, mouth already pulled into a grimace. He wore jeans covered in flour, the poor apron could not prevent whatever explosion the man emerged from, and a deep green flannel rolled to his elbows. He approached the counter, not quite looking at the pair, and gave a brief attempt at a smile. Hannibal thought the man must be in distress with his outer appearance.

Alana seemed shyly smitten with rough man and fluttered her long lashes at him. “Hi, may I have one of the black berry pastries and a vanilla cold brew.” Her voice was soft like she was afraid of scaring the man off.

Hannibal felt amused at this, watching the strange man use every excuse not to look at Alana despite her light flirting. He only nodded before turning his back to have her brew start up. Then, the man’s attention was suddenly on Hannibal, a pinched frown between his brows and curiosity in big solemn Azul eyes. It made Hannibal hesitate…Why did he hesitate???
A sigh left the man and he grumbled, “and you?”

Hannibal recovered quickly, “Americano please.”

He nodded before adjusting his glasses back up and looking over to the seating, “make yourselves comfortable, I will bring your drinks and pastry out shortly.” Abruptly turning to make their coffees.
Alana pulled Hannibal to seating by the window, resting the bags by his feet, and returning his gaze to the strange man. Alana caught his stare and smiled, “not very friendly, is he?”
Hannibal hummed, not keen on discussing the man since he was still in the same room. Alana did not pick this up and kept speaking, “he’s handsome though, in a scruffy kind of way.”

Hannibal agreed, but only partially. The man allowed himself to be scruffy, he did not want to be approached or did not care much for his appearance in general. But closer inspection revealed a strong jawline, pouting lips, and of course those startling, tired eyes. Hannibal was suddenly curious for a name.

The man never looked back at the pair until he walked over to deliver their drinks and pastry like promised, even then he kept his head down. Hannibal wanted the odd introvert to stay so he asked, “shall we pay now?”

The man paused and looked between them, “you can, but you’ll order more anyway.” He muttered and Hannibal disliked how much he was avoiding eye contact suddenly. Hannibal

had to observe more than fidgeting and shifting stances.

“I will?”

“Yes, because you’re curious. And it’s impolite to ask your friend for a bite.”

Hannibal was amused, this person was predicting him? He had the confidence, contradicting his outward mannerisms, to say that Hannibal will order something else? And to know that Hannibal would indeed consider it impolite to share food with, what did he call Alana? His friend? Oh, and dear Alana was shocked by this as well, most likely the friend part, because alas it was true.
Alana shifted, “will I order more?”

The stranger flinched but did not look towards her, head still pointed Hannibal’s direction. “No, you’re watching your figure because of an upcoming event.”
Usually, Hannibal would fake some kind of insulted calm due to the crass words presented to Alana, but… This was entertaining. Alana was trying not to be embarrassed face tinged a pink. “Then I’ll take my check, thank you,” spoken curtly to the server.

The server nodded and scurried off behind the counter, leaving Hannibal with a steaming Alana. “I take it back, he’s not cute…” she pouted looking for some kind of sympathy from Hannibal, he did not give her any. He hummed and blew on his coffee before tasting.

Of course, the coffee was perfect, in fact it could not have been a real Americano, because it fitted Hannibal’s preferences over the technical brew. And that left the gentleman quietly even more curious. When the man came back exchanging receipts and change with Alana, Hannibal caught his attention.

“Excuse me, what is your name?”
A sigh and those Azuls were back, in fact challenging Hannibal by their glint, “Will, Will Graham.”

Ah, the owner of this fine establishment. Even better.

Alana did not seem to take notice of this, or pretended not to care, and finally nibbled at her pastry. Her eyes widened, blush intensifying, a look of injustice crossed her features. Will left them quickly, and Alana whispered hotly across the table. “How can someone so gruff make something so delicious, Hannibal it melts in your mouth. It’s not fair.” She took another bite, upset but not enough to stop.
He crinkled at her plight and spun the owner’s name on his tongue, rolling it around and trying the flavor of it.

The pair sat by the window, not having any further encounter with Will and went back to their boring pleasantries. Will restocked the food, exchanged some for fresher ones, and disappeared into the back with saloon doors swinging. Hannibal decided he just might need to buy something for the scruffy owner was right. And so, with Alana not wanting to speak to Will again, Hannibal approached the counter alone while she stood outside huffing with her shopping bags. Hannibal wasn’t going to flirt, why was she acting threatened.

Will came out with a head band on, pushing his hair out of his face and glasses folded in his shirt pocket while carrying a hot tray of fresh baguettes.

Okay, maybe Hannibal was going to flirt, but what was the harm?

He offered a polite smile, which only made Will grimace in despair, and rested a hand on the counter. Will sat the tray down and walked over, not looking smug but bored, and Hannibal grinned inwardly at the aloofness. It was rude, but it was attractive on the baker.

“Do I need to say that you were right?”
Will crossed his flour covered arms, proceeding to make a bigger mess while trying to appear sassy, and tilted his head. “No but buying double whatever you intended might make me overlook your staring and friend’s remarks about my looks.” His tone was flat. Hannibal loved this.

“I apologize on her behalf, you did well on humbling her today.”

“Ah yes, spoiling her with the local finery, how has that been working for her advances?”

“Advances?” Hannibal felt his lips pulling more into a ruthless grin, something genuine.

“Oh don’t act oblivious, you ignored her. Still are.” Will rolled his eyes and turned to put away the cooled baguettes since Hannibal hadn’t ordered yet.
“Alana is a dear friend, too important for fruitless romances.” Why was he still sharing so much with this stranger?

Will nodded, “yes, and what makes it fruitless? Is it her dull voice or All-American looks? You seem like one to appreciate rarity over generics.”
Hannibal watched Will’s every move. “Now Will, we do not know each other enough to have this discussion.”

Will paused his restocking to level with Hannibal, he was watching the gentleman like the canary does the cat. “But you want to… know me, that is.”

Hannibal felt his eyes crinkle with mischief and hummed, “perhaps, if you’d be so willing?”

The baker snorted and sighed. He seemed to frown to himself and then nod in defeat, “fine, you have me curious.” Will moved to grab a business card, then writing his personal info on the back. He handed it to Hannibal over the counter, “if you end up being another rich snob, I will make sure you’re never served a decent coffee in Baltimore again.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow to the threat, “oh?”

Will gave him a devilish smile and pointed a baguette at Hannibal’s chest, “don’t underestimate me, all the best cafes and bakeries are on a group text.” He then peered over Hannibal’s shoulder towards the windows. “Better order something or your not-girlfriend friend will storm in and drag you out.”

Hannibal did not bother to check this and pulled out his wallet, “you pick. Since you have me all figured out.” Hannibal was genuinely curious to what Will might pick. To this, Will

shrugged and wiped his hands on his apron and moved to grab a small pastry box. He hesitated before opening one of the display cases and frowned at Hannibal, “turn around, you can’t look.”

Hannibal felt another pull at his lips and made a show of turning around and even closing his eyes from peeking. He thought he heard another amused snort from the baker and glass panes sliding as the baker picked. After a few more moments a box was set on the counter, “okay, all done. That’ll be $30.75” A satisfied lilt to Will’s voice.

Hannibal pulled a hundred and slide it forward, “keep the change, perhaps purchase a better apron?” Will gawked at this and floundered about looking down at his messy appearance, “what?! Seriously, it’s crazy back there, not my fault!”

Hannibal tsked Will playfully, “hmm, perhaps a tarp would be more efficient?”

Will actually smiled to this playfully, “yeah, I suppose…What’s your name?”

“Dr Hannibal Lecter.” Will immediately lost his smile and frowned, “oh god, what are you? A shrink?”

“Are shrinks bad?”

“I’m just gonna be upfront, if you ask about my parents I might swing,” Will grumbled, but Hannibal was enjoying this too much. The man was feisty, fearless despite his reclusive demeanor. Will paused his grumbling to peak up at Hannibal through long lashes and worry his bottom lip between his teeth.

“I’ll call you.” Hannibal could not believe he blurted that out, he was losing control and needed to leave soon.

Will began to sputter something a mixture of surprise and sarcasm, but Hannibal was already grabbing his package and humming a goodbye before exiting the quaint bakery, a tinkle signifying his exit. Alana tapped her foot with impatience, scanning the simple black box in Hannibal’s hand, tied together with a cream bow. He smiled innocently and continued his walk down the avenue, Alana quietly
steaming. For now, she carried her own bags and did not get to hold onto the gentleman’s arm.

Guess today was not so boring.

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Hannibal needed an excuse.

Terrible, honestly, considering he is not bashful by any means, but that damn baker had a quick tongue and sassy attitude that left the gentleman infatuated. After returning home from dropping Alana off at her doorstep, saying no to a nightcap, and coming back left time to reflect the scene in the bakery. Unclouded from a teasing voice and angelic looks, Hannibal realized what the damned baker got away with. Plenty of Will’s demeanor and attitude were

rude, even going so far as to embarrass Alana.
But did Hannibal truly care? No, no he did not.

And that was the issue, being a man of aesthetic Hannibal separated himself from instinctual needs and attractions, rather throwing his interest in the driving force behind certain striking beauties. A collector of the rare and even unique himself. So why, why did the idea of extinguishing such a rarity seem displeasing, and even more so never speaking to Will again. Hannibal could not let that go, perhaps he should interact more with the man. Yes, therefore any further rude or crass behavior will help settle the issue and Hannibal can dine on the man's tongue… or perhaps his lungs? No, not just the lungs, he wanted the whole circulatory system too, and the blood that fuels the brain-Oh the brain…

Hannibal sighed as he moved about his kitchen, preparing tomorrow's lunch. He made fresh sausage from the leftovers of a rather disgusting pig that had a habit of littering at the park Hannibal frequented. As he began simmering the golden potatoes and asparagus for the sides, excuses flitted through his mind looking for the perfect one. Will would tease him ruthlessly if he actually entered the store, and Hannibal would swoon if he had to witness that mischievous smile again. Better to swoon at home, he thought.

Hannibal looked over to his recycling, spotting the folded-up cardboard packaging of Graham's Bakery box. He rather enjoyed what Will picked out, buttered croissants with sprinkles of cinnamon, a few poppy seed bagels with a homemade cheese spread to couple, and of course a simple cherry tart. Which was not drowning in sugar, no, Will elected to keep his cherries the main flavor, paired with the flaky crust. Overall, Hannibal was very pleased with everything, and that spoke volumes.
In fact, he could use this.

Hannibal finished his meal prep, folding and turning off remaining kitchenware and washing his hands thoroughly in the sink. Then, once everything was stored, Hannibal moved to his at-home calendar in the office, flipping through upcoming events. There, he had a clear weekend three weeks from now. And being a man of aesthetics and theatrics, inspiration struck him there. Hannibal will host a dinner party, the first in years, and Graham's Bakery shall help cater. Yes, with Will obtaining an invitation, plus payment, the gruff baker cannot decline.

And Hannibal will be able to spend the rest of the evening conversing and admiring the man, oh what will he wear? Could those curls be tamed? Will he shave his scruff and-what if he wears that god awful cologne? Hannibal swore that if there was a ship or anchor on the bottle, he will hose Will down before he even stepped across the threshold.

The clock struck 11:00, much too late to call, and so Hannibal spent the rest of his night preparing for sleep and reading the reviews given to Graham's Bakery in bed. As per nightly routine, Hannibal decided to pay Tattlecrime his attention, and noticed the newest headline. Not new per se, but rather a resurfacing of an older unsolved mystery that baffled the FBI five years ago. Hannibal read through Miss Lounds's rather eccentric and stretched journaling, only trying to spook more readers when something caught his eye.

"EAST COAST CARVER"
BODIES PILED UP AND DOWN ALONG THE EAST COAST SPANNING FROM

SOUTHERN ALABAMA TO MAINE IN A HOMICIDAL EPIDEMIC. FIVE YEARS AGO, THIS SERIAL KILLER LEFT CARVED BODIES IN HIS WAKE, CRUDE DESIGNS AND LINEWORK SEEN ON ALL SEVEN VICTIMS.
A FBI CASE THAT WENT COLD WHEN THE KILLINGS STOP, ONLY EVIDENCE FOUND WERE A PAIR OF GLOVES.
THE FBI HAS CONTINUED TO-

Hannibal ignored the rest which essentially blasting the FBI's failures, but what caught his eye was the artistry seen in the bloody work. It was beautiful, a flowing mural of blood and deep creases from a blade leaving the body painted in motion. It was swirling and celestial, each body was different and left a deep emotional impression. Hannibal could actually read the lines it was all tragic and suffering and utterly gorgeous.

He felt a twinge of disappointment in the discontinuation of such artwork and sighed. If this killer was along the East Coast near the same time as Hannibal, he's surprised he did not hear of him sooner. Or better, met the killer, oh they could have made a whole mural for the world to gasp and bow too. Oh well.

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The third ring was about to finish when the baker answered, tone tired and gruff.

"Hi, this is Graham's Bakery. How may I help you?"

Hannibal felt his lips pull hearing the tired voice, "Hello Will."

An audible sigh was heard on the other line and Hannibal could practically hear the man pinch the bridge of his nose. "Oh … Well?"

"I see you're not a morning person, Will."

"I mean-it's 6:00 AM I barely just opened. Were you waiting to call me? Why are you even up this early?"

Hannibal actually smiled now, already caught, "I called to ask if you cater? I am hosting a dinner party the first week of November and would love for your services to be present." Will did not seem to expect this and took a moment to clear his throat. "We cater, yeah. Um… would you like to meet in person to discuss this?" A nervous twitter in his voice that left Hannibal anticipating more.

"Anxious to see me so soon?" Hannibal could not help but tease, "that would be perfect, I am sending the invitations this afternoon and shall have a better outline for you by, let's say, Friday?" Will seemed to shuffle around, probably fidgeting, and hummed in response. "Friday would be fine… Coffee at the bakery?"

"Yes, that would be lovely." To this, Will snorted in amusement.

"Yeah, sure. Very very lovely," his voice smoothly adapted to Hannibal's own accent and vocal tilts. It surprised him momentarily, and had his fingertips twitch, Hannibal leaned back

in his office chair.

“Do that again.”

“What?” The blush was audible.

“Please, again?” Hannibal tilted his head, eyes softly closing as he heard Will’s voice smoothly respond across the line, imitating Lithuanian “th’s” and rolling vowels.

“I hope you found my cherry tart… very lovely.” Will quietly spoke and it almost left Hannibal breathless.

A moment of silence and then spoke, his usual tones, once more, “ehm, Friday then.” And hung-up leaving Hannibal to become lost in his mind palace. He spun Will’s voice like golden thread and let it drift across the ceiling catching and entangling along the shining chandelier. There, Will took up space, wispy and billowing, every time the breeze blew Hannibal heard, “lovely, very lovely.” Under it all sat a delicate glass cake stand with a very flaky crisp cherry tart inside.

Hannibal knew he could not have asked in person, now he had time to fortify his mind and expressions before Friday. And when the day came, he would order more baked goods, even the terribly sweet
ones just to fill more glass cake stands in his mind.

Hannibal let out a leveled exhale, back in control and calm, then went back to work preparing the day for simpering patients and other tedious annoyances that no longer held his interest. Alana made her usual house call, and the invitations were sent to the various Baltimore socialites graced with the chance to feast at Hannibal’s table… Some very close to being a feast on the table too.

Yes, the rest of the week rolled away lazily and uneventfully.

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The bell tinkled and Hannibal found the bakery rather busy with young and older couples enjoying coffee or purchasing the baked goods Will offered. The owner appeared busy, hair pulled back with the head band, glasses on this time, and another variation of some sort of flannel, this time with oranges and yellows. He bustled back and forth behind the counter ringing up customers, restocking, and fixing beverages. It was pleasing to see another side of the baker, here he was focused on his work, and did not need to pause for pleasantries. Everyone seemed content to let him off the hook with social niceties.

Hannibal held to the back of the mayhem, simply observing until the rush seemed to die down, and more couples left the store. He walked up to the counter only when Will spotted him, and of course, glared. But there was a sudden red to his cheeks, and it left Hannibal feeling smug.

“Would you be upset if I said I forgot we were meeting?” Will tilted his head resting both hands on the counter and leaning across, his attitude was flirtatious, but his voice denied it.

Hannibal shook his head, “oh I’m sure, you seem to be quite busy here. Do you not have other employees?”
Will sighed and moved to rub the back of his neck, Hannibal could smell the horrendous cheap stench of cologne under all the flour, butter, and sugar. “I do, Abigail usually helps me, but she is finishing up midterms at the moment. School is more important.”

Hannibal nodded to this, observing how Will avoided fully facing the man. He seemed to realize Hannibal was willing to let the silence continue, and so made an awkward attempt at a sigh. “Well, while everything is slow go sit down and I’ll be right over.” Hannibal smiled lightly and simply did as he was told. Back to the wall, better advantage point looking at the doors, and watching Will move to operate the French press.

He walked over a few minutes later carrying two large grey mugs. Hannibal noted that he wore a different apron, it was black with white stripes and had the bakery’s name stitched upon the breast pocket. He raised a delicate eyebrow to Will, who paused confused before looking down and realization dawned. “What?” a pout present on his bottom lip, as if they could get any poutier. Hannibal had to stop staring at Will’s mouth, he’ll notice.

Will sat down and handed Hannibal his mug, in which Hannibal thanked him quietly before blowing gently on the dark beverage and sipping. A different blend than before, richer, and more bitter, but Hannibal found it quite agreeable. Will watched attentively over his own mug, hugging it close to his chest despite the heat trying to form some kind of barrier between them. Will looked rather cute wearing shy, not as fiery as his usual demeanor, but still just as infatuating for Hannibal.

Without further interruption, Hannibal decided better to stop torturing the poor baker and begin business. “The guest will arrive at 6:00 PM sharp, very rarely do I have a tardy guest. Drinks and hors d’oeuvres served within the first hour, guests will then sit to begin the first course by 7. The dinner itself will last until 9 and after guests are sent to the parlor for coffee. I would like for your pastries and cakes to make up the dessert course.”

Will had slowly came forth from his defensive shell while Hannibal spoke, attentive and nodding along understanding his role in this dinner party. Once Hannibal finished speaking, Will seemed to be lost in thought. He nodded something fierce to himself and refocused back to Hannibal, “what will be the other main courses?”

Hannibal felt a thrill seeing Will so focused on him, helping him create something beautiful together. “I am inspired to elevate traditional French cuisine this time, and so I highly recommend dark chocolates and creams.” Will had pulled out a pocket notebook and scribbled some ideas and notes down, oh how his handwriting was terrible. It actually made Hannibal feel a little dizzy trying to discern it from across the table. Will did not seem to notice.

“I can have a few sample desserts ready for you by Tuesday, does that work for you?” Will’s bright eyes were suddenly encompassing Hannibal’s vision. He smiled.

“I’m afraid my availability would be further into the evening, which is not an issue for me if you are able?”

Will didn't seem fazed by this, "no problem-o. I usually stay long after closing hours preparing for the next morning." Shrugging like his dedication, at the moment singlehandedly running the store was not a big deal. Hannibal was impressed, nothing was done with 50% and the store remained completely spotless as well. He must have had an expression of admiration upon his face for Will was back to blushing. How did Will read him so well?

Hannibal wanted to taste another of Will's tarts and so he asked for the baker to pick another for him. This seemed to give Will some relief who quickly left to put distance between them. Hannibal continued to idly sip on his coffee, enjoying how the day turned.

Will returned with a pale tart, something perhaps made of shortbread, with a dusting of powder sugar. Hannibal took a polite bite and was pleased to taste clean and sharp lemon soon soothed by the buttery breading. He hummed his approval and added the delightful tart to the palace. Will watched Hannibal the whole time, fidgeting and nervous, but a grin broke his serious features at Hannibal's hum. "I know you're a serious foody, this makes me feel a bit better."

"A foody?"

Will snorted at that, sass back at full volume, "yes, a foody! You've got this whole, I'll shut down your store and leave a horrible yelp review, vibe."

Hannibal frowned, "I'm surely not that bad."

"Oh, it's bad." Will cocked his head and huffed, "I know this is the wealthier neighborhood, but no one else comes in here in a three-piece suit." Hannibal still did not understand.

"Will… please, what is a foody? It sounds awful."

Will actually laughed this time, "oh my god, yes you, you are a foody! Do you know how to work a computer? Please don't take down my store with a bad review, I'm sure you've got all those pretentious assholes in your back pocket."

Hannibal actually gawked at this, of course it was mute, but still, "I would never, dear Will. For heaven's sake, you are catering my dinner party. I have never hired a caterer to cook, only waiters."
Will paused at this, surprise mirroring his face too. He slowly started draw in on himself. Hannibal gently furrowed his brows, confused by this beautiful angel. Will finally looked at him and gave a tentative smile, "that's a lot of pressure…"

Hannibal sighed, relieved, and wished he could have drawn Will close and card gentle fingers through his curls and soothe away all worries. "Will, I have no doubt that you will exceed my expectations. I am already more than satisfied with your baking." Will watched him with big eyes and was holding his arms close to his chest. Processing Hannibal's… confession?
Then the angel smiled at Hannibal.

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Alana was calling, again. Oh, it was quickly entering the realm of ‘rude.’ Or Hannibal’s infinite patience has finally become finite.
It was the morning of their Hopkins Charity event, and Hannibal had to pack his equipment, arrange a rental under a false identity, meal prep, and shower. He usually did not mind a little racing against the clock, but Alana wished to spend the whole day together, rather than the evening. Hannibal sighed and picked up the receiver once more answering the clinging woman.

“Yes, Alana?”

“Oops! Sorry, I accidentally dialed!” She let out a breathy laugh, “I’m really looking forward to a lovely evening with you.”

She did not say ‘lovely’ like Will did. Hannibal was needing to gently turn down her advances soon, revert back to strictly colleagues.

Alana continued her chatter, Hannibal politely humming and responding on autopilot while he worked with the phone on speaker. He knew he was being awfully rude himself, but exceptions can be made.
“Did you ever go back to that bakery? I warned a few of my friends over the incident and how horrible our service was.” Hannibal paused in his movement to glare at the phone. This will not do. He was feeling fiercely protective over the, indeed rude, but interesting baker. “I would not venture to call the service horrible, but he did seem rather tired.” Hannibal tried to politely steer Alana away from dangerous waters…

“Hm, that is because you were letting him flirt with you.” Oh dear, Alana seems to be too nosy for her own good.

Hannibal picked up the phone this time, needing to metaphorically envision Alana’s neck as he spoke, flexing his strong fingers around the device, “hmm, well as you spoke earlier, he was handsome in a scruffy way.” He could see her already shifting and twirling her hair with anxious energy.

“…Do you like him?”

“Alana, I had just met him. He made our day… interesting.”

“Ah, so being with me is boring?”

“No, a day without some conflict or dramatics is boring.”

A huff of breath and she was now irritated, “fine, I’ll see you at the charity by 8:00, tonight.” She hung up, and Hannibal successfully placed distance between them for the moment. Alana knew he was not a man restricted to limitations, be that sexuality or eating habits. She was upset that he was not falling over himself to be her knight in shining armor… Oh, how mistaken. If this were any part of a fairytale, Hannibal would most certainly pride himself as the storyteller, deciding what happens and who falls. Would Will be a knight? Hmm, perhaps but not during this time, he more resembles the dragon sleeping in the cave, swatting away all who approach.

Hannibal won't be swatted away.

With a nod of quiet determination, Hannibal proceeded with his organized day making sure everything was prepped with perfection. Tonight, will be a hassle, but it could be pleasant enough with the right wine and a well-tailored suit. Time to go to the ball.

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Tuesday appointments were coming to an end and Hannibal sat through another sobbing man, crying about the abandonment of his latest ex-wife. He was snotty and utterly pathetic, Hannibal enjoyed saying the ex-wife's name to see the man crumble apart again. He was trained, like Pavlov's dog.

However, the same trick can only be amusing so many times, and this whole ordeal was tiresome. Hannibal hummed and nodded his head to the correct points in the wheezing discussion currently about how the man missed her green nail polish which would leave little blots of emerald everywhere she painted her toes. Hannibal thought it could be poetic but was ultimately a mess with an unpleasant smell that did not need to be elevated to romantic lyrics. The clock in the office chimed softly, indicating the hour was up. Hannibal offered more tissues and gently lead the distraught patient out the exit to be the world's problem. He had just enough time to drive home, change, and drive to the bakery to see his dear Will. How odd, Hannibal actually 'missing' someone.

When he parked his Bentley, the store had their vintage 50's sign switched to close. Hannibal could see the front of the store's lights were off, but the fire was actually stoked and burning, illuminating everything in a warm umber glow. The back kitchen lights were on as well, and the front door unlocked, waiting for Hannibal to arrive. Was Will eager?

His question was answered once he actually stepped past the threshold and a curly head popped out the saloon doors. Will looked full of nervous energy, but excited too, trying to be hidden in his forever furrowed brows. Hannibal simply smiled at the baker, and if Will had a tail, it would be wagging… hmm, something to ponder over later tonight.

Hannibal and Will said nothing, simply looking at each other across the room. He wanted to test the baker, and so he slowly removed his long coat, scarf as well. Folding and draping them over one of the seats by the fire, and next came his leather gloves. One finger plucked at a time, sensual in this energized tension.
Hannibal never once looked away, even rolling up his sleeves, seeing what will make the other man break.

It was apparently the accidental sweep of bangs that flitted across Hannibal's brow. Will gulped and averted his gaze to glare at some rolls and fudge at the counter. Will fully emerged from the back kitchen then, and crossed his arms, trying to make himself smaller and closed off from Hannibal. It won't work.

A few strides and he is already at the counter, looking down and tilting his head back in search of Will's stubborn gaze. "Good evening, Will."

“Why are you always saying my name like that?” he was mumbling, and Hannibal could have sworn he heard a whine.

“How do I say your name?”

“Like some Count Dracula or…” Will petered off and looked even more uncomfortable.

“Well, I am a count, but keep it between us.” Hannibal’s voice was conspiratorial and light.

“Oh, I bet. If Americans knew that the European nobility were infiltrating there would be anarchy.” Will combatted flirtation with sarcasm, which did not repel Hannibal in the slightest.

“And how do you handle anarchy, Will?”

“With a finger of whiskey and a whole wheel barrel of anti-social behavior.”

“What about now? You’re socializing quite well.”

“And the whiskey is in the back, come to the kitchen so I can feed you and avoid anymore socializing.” Will promptly turned on his heel and went back through the saloon doors. Hannibal let a genuine smile quietly grace his lips and walked around the counter to approach the kitchen.

When he brushed past the doors Hannibal was met with a rather industrial and stainless-steel kitchen. Similar aesthetics to his own, only less surgical perhaps. The tile work that washed up the walls was a warm art-deco of patterns, and all the lights had a yellow haze. The long butcher block attached to the steel table took up the middle of the room, where on either side various convection ovens, mixers, and storage units sat. It was rather clean, even the floor was absent of the presumed flour which would have littered its floors. Will was on the other end of the table, leaning down to rummage through a cabinet before pulling out an amber bottle and two short glasses. He sat them up before giving Hannibal a pointed look that said, “you better drink” and turned his back to remove some goodies from under a heat lamp.

Hannibal slowly made his way closer to the other side, taking in the atmosphere and Will being distracted by his baked goods. He poured them both a fingers worth of the liquor in each glass, swirling his own and scenting. Not necessarily a cheap Tennessee it appeared, rather darker than the average.

Will revealed three dishes before Hannibal, nervous energy rolling off his lithe body in waves. Hannibal savored the sight of it, of Will presenting his own hard work. Did he spend all weekend wreaking havoc in his complex brain of what and how to meet Hannibal’s standards? Did Will lose sleep over satisfying Hannibal? Hair all rumpled and more wild than usual, dark bruises imprinting under those delicious eyes, the contrast of purplish hue making Will’s irises even lighter in shade. Hannibal let his gaze fall over Will’s forearms, his shapely wrists and hands which were both strong and thin, almost delicate.

“The first I would like for you try is the Opera cake.” Will offered him a fork and Hannibal accepted it while turning his attention to the cake. A layered almond sponge cake, soaked in a

coffee syrup and filled in between with coffee ganache and buttercream, all topped off with an even spread of chocolate glaze. Hannibal pulled off an appropriate portion and brought to his lips. It was an indulgent dessert, with such rich flavors that the smooth bitterness of coffee complimented the intensity of the buttercream. Despite not being an avid fan of sweets and desserts, Hannibal would like to see this cake shine upon his dining table. Such pleasing layers and height adding an impressive stature.

Hannibal shut his eyes humming and offered a pleased smile to Will who was watching him fervently. “Very well done, excellent.” Will’s eyes became big and owlish, trying to hide his excitement from the praise but failing. He stammered a little and just nodded before taking a sip of his whiskey. Hannibal was curious to see how Will would respond to more praising… Will then gently placed forward a basket, a thin white cloth lining the inside while filled with twirling crisps covered in powder sugar. It smelled of deep-fried dough and utter sweetness. Will also placed a small sauce dish filled with a dark wine-colored syrup of sorts.

“This is bugne, or Angel Wings. I didn’t want the dough to be overpowering, so I used another almond batter. The sauce is cherry and plum, very little sugar added.”
Hannibal was intrigued by the finger food and plucked one fried dough twist from the basket, dipping in the sauce, and bringing to his mouth. Now this was interesting, because of the almond it was not as greasy or heavy as usual fried food. The powder sugar was perhaps the sweetest bit, and then that was combatting the sauce which was tart. All together a very delicious battle of flavors, Hannibal decided to display this by licking the powder sugar off his fingertips quite sensually.

When he turned his gaze back to the baker, he was fidgeting and adjusting himself using the table to hide his arousal. Will would not look at Hannibal and was doused in a lovely scarlet from cheeks to the tips of his ears, Hannibal wished he could lean in and nibble on them. Draw a gasp from Will’s lips and see what other reactions he could pull.
Will cleared his throat and slid forward the final dessert, a simple plate filled with little dark chocolate disks, which were topped with different dark berries and nuts. Almost a cluster, but there was more control and beauty in the small finger food.

“They’re mendiants. Raisins, hazelnut, fig, and almond.” Will swallowed and took a rather large swig of his whiskey, opting to ignore Hannibal’s consumption of the food. Seems more finger licking is too risky for the baker. Hannibal chewed on the small chocolate, finding it quite refreshing and tame compared to the other dishes.

“I think these are all perfect Will, thank you.”

Will nodded, still avoiding Hannibal’s face all together, and looking off at one of the convection ovens. Seeming to try and concentrate on the machine, which tugged at Hannibal… Will should be paying attention to him, not hiding behind this reluctant bashfulness. Therefore, it was perfectly reasonable to step closer to the baker, behind him somewhat, and moving to cage the flighty creature in.
Hannibal felt their game, and the anticipation on Will’s face agreed. “Will?” Soft rolling timber to purr into the baker’s ear. Hannibal watched a minute shutter go down Will’s spine. His glass was empty, while Hannibal hadn’t bothered to touch his own.

“Aside from … desserts. Why else are you here, Hannibal?” Will seemed to be in denial of some sort. The only solution being to make it blunt for the poor man, put him out of his twitchy misery and give something sweet in return for his generous services.

“Dear Will, do you truly not know?”

Hannibal observed how Will fidgeted but made no attempt to move away. Will was not boxed in, despite how much Hannibal wanted to have the baker nailed to the spot or over the counter, but Will wanting was preferred over all else.

The baker was worrying his bottom lip, seeming to be in thought, those brows pinched by Hannibal’s response. It was adorable, and he wanted to kiss that worry away. Gently and languidly, with Will relaxed in his hold. As he went through his fantasies, Will turned within the small space, and glared at Hannibal’s collar. He slowly reached out, hands hesitantly landing on the front of Hannibal’s chest. The older found he did not know if he would be rejected and pulled in, it was impossible to read the indecipherable expression across the younger’s face. Will took his time in his movements, everything slowing down, and Hannibal became deaf to all that surrounded them other than Will’s breathing. His own pulse was still a slow steady drum.

Will closed his eyes, lashes fanning across his cheeks, and leaned up placing a feather-light kiss upon Hannibal’s lips. Hannibal did not move, did not raise his hands, stayed perfectly still. Will seemed to hold his breath before leaning into it, more pressure. It was so soft, and Hannibal found more ways to fill his mind palace, Will’s lips were now blankets, Egyptian cotton and it flowed and surrounded the space on lounging pillows and beds. Hannibal did not close his eyes; he could not miss how perfect Will was.

Will paused and leaned ever so slightly back, to peer up at Hannibal. Back to biting that pouty bottom lip, and Hannibal was feeling heat trace up his spine at the sight.
“Did I get it right?” Will murmured oh so sweetly, timid, and truly a minx. Hannibal was enthralled. It must have shown, Will’s pupils expanded covering the iris in an ebony pool that had Hannibal drowning. The only appropriate response was to kiss the minx, praise him, and reward him.

Hannibal placed his own large hands over Will’s feeling the strength and feverish warmth before pressing their lips back together, where they belonged. Will moved closer and Hannibal allowed his hands to explore up Will’s arms, over the ridge of his shoulders and down the sides feeling ribs and muscle. Honestly, the baker did not eat enough, and it is a crime that Hannibal has not fed the man his own delicacies. A crime that needed repentance and forgiveness from Will, Hannibal will not stop until the man is full and satisfied in his bed.

Will’s breath hitched, heart hammering in his chest while Hannibal’s fingers roamed curves and plains of his upper body. Their kiss was becoming heated, and Hannibal licked against that bottom lip, wanting to swallow Will whole, as the younger man opened in response. Hannibal hoped Will could taste his own desserts on Hannibal’s tongue. Taste the bitter coffee, dark chocolate, and tart berry. Will’s own flavor was savory and Hannibal could taste the whiskey which started a flame in his lower stomach.

Will was trying too, traveling his hands, and finding a home in Hannibal's neck and hair to pull the man apart. He wanted Will to tug and tear, to draw blood and be rough. He could envision it too; the baker had a dark aura about him.

Hannibal delved his tongue deeper to taste all of Will and the baker let a darling moan slip by that had him pressing the man's lower back against the counter, almost bending him backward. Their tongues clashing and entangling in such a sinful way. It made everything snap in an instant, the need to have Will quivering and crying out his name-Oh, that would be so perfect. Will could be perfection and made into a needy dessert here in his kitchen.

Hannibal could feel Will's arousal press against his thigh and let a hand cup the man through his pants to rub and elicit more desperate moans. Hannibal left Will's mouth to lick and kiss that sharp jaw and nibble on the cute ear lobe, then lose himself worshipping the pale velvety neck. This had Will fluttering his eyes close and slowly rutting into Hannibal's hand growing stiffer.

"Hannibal…" Will whispered aloud and it was devastating. Why did this baker drive Hannibal mad? He was being reckless and unhinged, not maintaining his usual cold disposition. This angelic oddity now had him on his knees, literally.

Hannibal did not hesitate, gliding down and resting on his knees against the rough floor, he couldn't give a damn. Will's shirt had shimmied up, revealing a savory glimpse of his navel and he leaned forward licking the soft skin and biting to leave marks. Will was already twitching and stuttering something about 'y-you don't have to' and he really did not pay attention to it. Hannibal had one goal, and it was currently secured behind fabric and a zipper.

Moving his hands to rub and pet Will's side to keep him still, Hannibal pulled the zipper down with his sharp teeth, then to push both pants and boxers down Will's upper thighs for his erection to spring forward. Will gasped and gripped the countertop, trying to ground himself as Hannibal wasted no time kissing the base of his cock. So very cute, a sexy shade of pink with the head turning red from strain. Hannibal kept one hand holding Will's hip, finding the man absolutely delicious, a musky scent and a salty flavor drove Hannibal to kiss and lick the head. Drops of pre-cum ebbed out to slide onto Hannibal's tongue. Will's hips stuttered and another beautiful gasp left his lips, the older gentleman went forward, swallowing Will in one go. Pushing until his nose brushed against Will's pelvis and the baker was bending forward wrapping around Hannibal's back. He had his hands roughly grasping and tugging at Hannibal's hair while his legs continued to tremble.

"O-oh god-Hannibal!" Hannibal's only regret from his current position is not seeing that angelic face feel ecstasy, "Ah! Please, oh!" Hannibal ran his tongue applying pressure to the underside of Will's cock, sucking on the draw back and pressing his lips tight pushing forward. He kept a steady rhythm; his fingers were going to leave the prettiest bruises along the baker's hips.

"H-hannibal-God I can't!" breathless gasping and shakes wracked Will's body. Hannibal moved his hands to explore that shapely behind he had been discreetly eyeing since Alana dragged him into the store, massaging the muscle and flesh and pulling Will deeper into his throat until his cock was snug in the back of Hannibal's throat. He encouraged movement, and Will could no longer control his hips driving them deep into that tight mouth and

scorching heat. Will lost himself in snapping his pelvis, a wonderous high of feverish claiming.

Hannibal felt the strain in his own pants, painful and so delightful. But Hannibal would not touch himself, no he would deny himself this until he could bury his cock in Will's heat. He continued a grueling pace hollowing out his cheeks to spur Will on, who started to pant. Every inch of his body trembled under Hannibal's fingertips even breaking into a sweat, oh the power… it was addicting to feel and taste Will coming undone like this, to feel Will all around him crying his name and chasing his climax.
Tongue swirling and prodding the sensitive head and one final plunge had Will spilling. He cried out babbling as Hannibal continued to work his cock for all it's worth. Milking every last drop, swallowing, until he felt tears on his neck from Will sobbing at the oversensitivity. Hannibal slowly pulled back with an obscene pop, finally looking up sinfully at the boneless angel above him.

Oh… Will was temptation in human form. His eyes were hazed with lust, sporadic hair, and properly debauched. Hannibal wanted to bring Will to different levels of pleasure, pure euphoria, and see what
mess of Will was left behind. Deny him, tie him, and bite into that ripe flesh.

Will must have read his thoughts, the darling angel gave a soft smile, something too innocent despite what they just did, and giggled, "definitely not a snob…"

Hannibal grinned devilishly and slowly stood up off of protesting knees and pulled Will close, carding his hands through the teasing curls and brought another chaste kiss to plush lips, so red from their abuse. Will let Hannibal hold his whole weight there in the faint lights of the kitchen, surrounding by warmth.

"Will… Please, let me take you home."

Will looked into amber eyes quietly processing the demand disguised as a question through his post-orgasm high. He hummed and nodded, deciding he was exhausted and needed to press against Hannibal's chest, burying his face there.

Hannibal tucked Will back in, zipping up and straightening his shirt without moving the tired baker, and leaned in to whisper soothing baritone words into his ear, "I'll drive you, where do you live?"

"Hmm… Wolf Trap, Virginia."

Hannibal was surprised by this; Will must never sleep considering his rigid schedule here at the shop plus that long drive. Then, as the thought occurred, he suspected Will sometimes just stayed at the shop falling asleep on a chair.

He maneuvered sleepy Will out the shop door, after shutting off lights and killing the fire in the front then locking the doors with Will's keys. He helped the man into his Bentley, buckling him in, before entering the driver side. For the baker to be this out of it after a simple drink and climax, he must have not slept in a while. He was pliable which was the

exact opposite of his stubborn nature, and Hannibal wanted to use this opportunity to build trust.

Will was more interesting, witty, and aesthetically pleasing compared to Alana, and her romantic pursuits were a hinderance to her purpose by his side. Hannibal needed a new alibi, one who was just as much as an invigorating challenge as his darker hobbies.

Hannibal had a brief image of Will covered in blood, dripping down his pale body as he towered victoriously over another conquered pig, another useless swine to be elevated. Will could create art, truly. He already proved himself a worthy chef and they could maybe even cook together? No, Will did not dine on long pig. Not yet anyway.

The drive was long with Will snoozing in the passenger seat as the Bentley pulled up a winding drive to see the unassuming farmhouse. All dark on the outside, not even a porch light turned on for the man. Hannibal thought it appeared isolated and hidden here, reflecting its owner's habits.

Hannibal walked Will inside, the man waking up enough that Hannibal regrettably did not get to carry him and lead him to his bed which rested within the quaint living room. Hannibal was not prepared for seven eager dogs in fact the number was astonishing. All sniffing and woofing cheerfully for their master, who grumbled his love and bent to give each a pat before nearly tipping over. Hannibal turned on the bedside lamp and let another small smile grace his mouth.

Will seemed to sober up, and that quiet barrier emerged and grew again. He eyed Hannibal suspiciously and seemed to be working through his thoughts.

"… am I still catering for your party?"

Hannibal blinked, "yes."

"… I'm not easy." Will would not look at Hannibal but kept running his fingers through puppy fur.

"I know."

Will stiffened a bit before his shoulders finally relaxed more, not as guarded. "um… thank you. For driving me back."

Hannibal nodded, "No problem, Will. Unfortunately, your car is still at the store, would you like for me to call a cab for you tomorrow?"

Will's eyes widened and his petting ceased, "No! no, you do not have to that I can pay for myself." Hannibal was already declining this.

"Nonsense, it's no expense. I am also the one who brought forth this situation." A smug tone edging his deep voice.

This brought a dusting of peach Will's face and ears again, "okay, but if y-you change your mind…" he let the sentence peter out while biting his lip again, "is everything going to

change?”

“That depends. Do you want change?”

“I don’t know.”

Hannibal hummed. Will was at least looking at his collar again, which was not distressed nor the rest of his clothing. Only his hair, Hannibal felt phantom fingers run through his locks and tug.

“I don’t know what I want, but I know what I don’t want.” Will spoke slowly, hesitantly.

“What don’t you want, Will?”

“… for this to be a one-time thing. For you to disappear after the party.”

Hannibal felt the obsession, the infatuation, an explosion of sheer possession lighting up like fireworks in his chest and mind. He leaned down, purring into Will’s ear, “I will stay for as long as you’ll have me, sweet Will.” This of course was a lie; Hannibal will eat this man alive piece by piece and mourn afterwards than let him escape from his grasp.

Will nodded, leaning into Hannibal’s side as the gentleman placed a kiss upon his head. And with this he bid Will a good night before driving his way back home, to later sketch Will by a soothing fire and fantasize about all the expressions he’ll make.

Oh, so lovely.

Howling At Your Door

Chapter Notes

I did it, as promised.
Are you happy now, you heathens?!
Lol, this was hard to write, because I was trying to be witty and smart about the details within this chapter. Lemme know how I did and if y'all have any suggestions. I am forever a humble servant trying to feed the Fannibal's their daily dose of porn with plot.

This is a shit ton of words, please forgive me but I did not have the heart to reread and correct. Ignore my dumb mistakes.

WARNING: there is mentions/animal abuse in this chapter. It is very brief and the animal will have justice! (and our favorite anxiety-ridden dog man will adopt said animal)
WARNING: there is violence and a major character death! I mean... what did ya expect ;)

I believe that's it for now, I will have notes at the end! Fucking start reading already, sheesh.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal did not hear from the delectable baker for a week after their scandalous evening together at the bakery. Hannibal would forever deny it made him nervous or mournful that the experience perhaps was not as pleasant for Will as it was for Hannibal (but the symphony of lustful moans and panting were on repeat in his mind). He fiddled at his desk, checking and rechecking his calendar for the infamous dinner party coming up, and the idea of waiting two weeks more for sweet William had him aching.

His next appointment was due in thirty minutes, and with a sketchbook already filled with the expressions and fantasy’s of Will, Hannibal was back to boredom. His usually pleasant and dark office was not comfortable. It did not smell of fresh baked bread and hints of sweetness from sugar and cinnamon. Utterly tragic a certain curly brunet wasn’t arching over his desk, the gorgeous contrast between ivory and rich mahogany wood as Hannibal licks delicate nipples a darling blush.

Hannibal felt his cock twitch in his slacks and felt a dilemma in his control. He wanted so badly to pet that soft stomach and hold calloused fingers in his own. How he would worship the baker, and do it everywhere. First in the front hall of his home, Will still trying to pry off his coat as Hannibal had him pinned to the wall crying for release, not allowed to cum yet.

Next the bathroom, in the spacious tub with Will completely soaked in Hannibal's shampoo and body wash, smelling of Hannibal to further signify who he belongs to. Hannibal would run dexterous fingers through unruly hair, tease them, and properly bring them to a full curl. Will would be so dazzling, sitting pretty and letting Hannibal spoil him into a stupor.

Then, once he was clean, Hannibal would carry the creature to the kitchen. Somewhere sacred and a part of Hannibal's heart as well. Will would be fucked into oblivion on cold stainless steel and spotless counters. He would cry and gasp such enchanting noises to spur Hannibal on, wanting every sweat, cum, and drop of blood from Will to leave a mark. Once the kitchen is thoroughly filthy with their love making, the only thing left to do is feed Will to complete their adjoining. Choice cuts of meat bloody rare from a fresh hunt to slip past those pouty lips, where Hannibal would hold his hand firm on the sinful throat, feeling Will swallow.

Finally, collapse into bed, with Will completely enclosed in strong arms to sleep the day away with Hannibal. Never to move a muscle unless to open those pretty lips and sass Hannibal, command him to spoil the baker. Oh, how would he love to do all this and more.

A loud voice pulled him from his mind and Hannibal quickly stood, smoothed out any crinkles and sexual musings, headed to the door. He was greeted with the sight of Franklyn Froideveaux in tears and simpering as the baker of his dreams stood nonchalant and aloof.

"D-doctor Lecter!!!" Franklyn screeched his anguish and sniffed pitifully keeping a scorned eye on Will and taking a few steps toward Hannibal.

"Who is this man?! W-why is he even here?" Hannibal handed the patient a tissue and moved a safe six feet from the nasally man. Will was rolling his eyes and continued a sassy stance against whatever had caused the patient to cry.

"Will is catering my upcoming dinner party, however I do not know why he is here yet." Hannibal responded with a please hum and noticed the tick in Will's jaw. The baker appeared more irritated than he let on.

Hannibal was curious as to why he was graced with Will's presence and checked the clock. He had fifteen minutes until Franklyn's appointment officially began and so, "Mr. Froideveaux please make yourself comfortable here in the waiting room, I must have a quick word with dear Will and we shall begin your appointment shortly." He left no room for argument, opening his office door wider and staring down at Will until he begrudgingly entered. Franklyn flailed a bit before sighing in defeat and plopping on a leather chair.

Once the door shut behind him, Will's lips were upon his own and grasping the front of his suit jacket. Pleasantly surprised and not one to deny himself, Hannibal did not resist pulling Will closer and tasting the … jealousy? Oh yes, it was indeed something envious. Will was aggressive and assertive in bruising Hannibal's lips sending a shiver down his spine.

The brief image of Hannibal under this side of Will, one so forceful and dominating, became another fantasy as well.

Will pulled back just enough to murmur against Hannibal's lips, "I will maim him if he touches you," then went to sucking and tasting Hannibal's neck. An amused smile spread across his face, running hands through curls and over a pert ass. "Oh? My sweet Will, what has you so territorial?"

Will rumbled sending vibrations through Hannibal's chest. "The way he looks at you… his thoughts, they're all obsessive and I hate it, I hate him." Will was gripping onto Hannibal so tightly, and it was all a delight. "He's too weak for you," he spoke with such certainty. Never could Hannibal have predicted the immediate attachment Will would form towards him. He felt joy at the darker side of Will and the violence he emitted towards anyone interested in Hannibal. It made him understand the appeal of owning a dog, and the idea of Will's loyalty was bringing him euphoria.

Hannibal gently pulled Will away from his neck, hands cupping cheeks and stubble, and peered into those tired angry eyes. Such a storm they stirred in Hannibal, "oh darling, I'm flattered, utterly infatuated with how haunting you can be." Hannibal purred and kissed Will's forehead, bringing forth the more bashful nature of the baker.

"I am so pleased to see you, why have you come to me, dearest?" Hannibal could not stop petting and comforting Will, until the metaphorical guard dog withdrew his fangs and calmed in Hannibal's hands.
"I had an excuse, but I forgot… I just wanted to see you again, but…" Will chewed on his bottom lip and fidgeted a bit. His eyes darted away and took in the front of the office around him. After a moment of silence, he finally surrendered his thoughts, "but I don't wanna be clingy. I didn't know if what happened was a … one time thing?" There was fear and hope there and Hannibal wanted to see both.

He wanted Will broken by rejection, perhaps to lick the tears off his cheek. Hannibal also wanted hope to bloom and leave Will wanting more from him, clinging closer.

"I would have you every waking hour if you let me." Hannibal had not meant to say that. He had no control over that, and suddenly Will became somewhat threatening…

His darling left him fluttering and blurting out vulnerable lines, Hannibal felt like retreating. Survival and freedom were the most important things to him, and Will could jeopardize this if his mere presence sent Hannibal spiraling. He would need to decide soon on how to break the baker. To finalize and stamp the expiration date if only to gain back the control he just lost to Will.

Thankfully, the usually observant baker was still avoiding eye contact and hadn't seen the minor crisis Hannibal went through. Will was stiff with stark red blooming across his face and ears and neck. Will
nodded mechanically and spoke quieter, "… can we date, er go on a date?"

Hannibal blinked and hummed an affirmative, he shall enjoy this delectable creature while he was still around. "Yes, I shall arrange that? You were so gracious with your bakery, I wish to return the favor by presenting my creations for you to taste."

"I would like that." Will finally looked at Hannibal and offered a soft smile.

Hannibal checked the clock and saw he had two minutes left, “unfortunately, I must see Mr. Froideveaux for his appointment. I will contact you the address and time for our date.” He had led Will to the patient exit, a hand on the curve of Will’s back.

Will looked anxiously at the office entrance then nodded his agreement before giving a swift kiss to Hannibal’s jaw and exiting the building. Hannibal had to straighten his appearance again, much more satisfied and content.

When Franklyn finally entered with his snotty tissue, he flew into a bigger fit spotting the apparently dark bruising that had bloomed on the side of Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal did not deny nor respond to Franklyn’s blubbering but felt the monster within him purr with pleasure. The rational side of the doctor had alarms ringing, but that unsatiable monster only wanted to gain more marks and play with the baker.

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The date was set for that week’s Thursday evening, a simple dinner at Hannibal’s. For such a dinner, such an important date, Hannibal had to hunt. And he knew just the perfect pig for the occasion.
Mark Fischer was a rude man, and one who Hannibal had witness scream and smack his dog. Hannibal had been at the local farmer’s market to peruse the season’s fresh produce when Mr. Fischer had caused a commotion, his retriever had tried to swipe a strawberry from a stall. The stall’s owner was not fretting and had actually offered to give the pooch some of the uglier strawberries when Mr. Fischer stunned everyone by smacking the back of the retriever’s head.

The stall owner had frozen in horror as he shouted at the cowering dog and dragged them both off. Hannibal tracked the man through the rest of the market, overhearing that the abusive man had a roofing company. With a polite conversation and a business card exchanged, Hannibal looked forward to hunting the man. Mr. Fischer was broader and looked fit, and Hannibal had a veal recipe he wanted to try for such a gamey and lean meat.

Hannibal zipped the front of his plastic suit, and exited his house to the attached garage. Duffle bag in the trunk and soon he was driving out of a sleepy neighborhood and onto the highway. Mr. Fischer lived a few small towns over, which only made Hannibal’s job easier.

He hummed along to his classical radio and felt ease set in his bones and muscles. Keeping a calm mind kept one from making poor decisions and committing poor actions. Stress would only hinder him during a hunt.

The town came to view, more of a village with only a bar, church, and post office making up the downtown. Hannibal’s Bentley quietly glided down paved roads and drove past the soon-to-be victim’s trailer. Mr. Fischer’s yard was littered with broken vehicles and lawn mowers. Not a single light was on and Hannibal spotted a dog house in the back left where the retriever was currently chained and sleeping inside.

Hannibal continued to drive on until coming to the church's back lot where service members would park. There were a few vehicles already in the lot, presumed to be the actual minister who's house was attached to the old brick church.

Hannibal killed the engine and sat quietly, observing how the village slept, for about thirty minutes. No early shift workers would be up at this time, and no patrolling cars seen. He exited the Bentley and retrieved his duffle back, throwing it across his shoulder and made the casual walk to Mr. Fischer's trailer. The church had an overgrown alleyway past the parking lot which ran behind the line of homes and trailers in the town, Hannibal took this by sticking to the shadows of large bushes, fences, and trees to reach Mr. Fischer's.

Hannibal went to the doghouse first, needing to keep the retriever quiet. The dog was creeping out of their little home when it came face to face with Hannibal crouching beside. The pooch went still and unsure, and Hannibal offered a few sausages treats to buy his alliance. He could see the dog's ribs under unkept golden fur. The dog did not hesitate to gobble the treats up, which each held a small dosage of sleeping medicine. Hannibal remained crouched by the retriever until the drowsy dog slowly slumped half-in and half-out of their little home.

Hannibal hummed and stood. Now the fun part.

The trailer only had one door, which was barely holding on by the look of rusty hinges. The screen door was cracked, and the door fit ill in the frame. Hannibal tested both doors slowly and found both unlocked. Careless pig.

The doctor silently entered, keeping the doors open rather than risking them creaking back, and looked about his surroundings. A living room and kitchenette only separated by a small counter, which wood paneled walls and stained shaggy carpet. Hannibal felt his nose twitch in disgust looking at everything this pig squalor in. A pile of beer bottles were threatening to overspill from the sink, which seemed to double as a trash can. The orange street lights from outside painted everything with a grimier wash.

A snored and bed springs squeaking helped Hannibal locate his prey. He walked down the narrow hall to the very end of the trailer. A door did not separate the bedroom from the hall but rather a curtain, which Hannibal drew back. Mr. Fischer was asleep, possibly blacked-out, from the empty beer bottles by the nightstand and the one that had spilled on the carpet. The pig wasn't covered in blankets and wore washed out jeans and dingey socks, arm splayed across his face where his mouth was agape snoring.

Hannibal stood and considered his options and wants.

He had the needle with him to safely secure and paralyze the man so that Hannibal may move him quietly to the Bentley and back home where he would meet his demise.

Or

Hannibal could sate his more sadistic and restless wants by actively hunting the pig.

The latter option won, and without further ado, Hannibal set to work. He set his duffle bag down, not worrying about noise, and unzipped revealing his equipment. He pulled Mr. Fischer into a sitting position and zip tied his wrists and thumbs behind his back, the pig merely grunted and frowned in his sleep. Hannibal then took Mr. Fischer's dirty socks and balled them up, shoving them into the gaping mouth to shut the pig up. Using duct tape to secure the gag, which awoke the victim blinking awake to his demise.

Hannibal smiled at the man, mask gone and in Hannibal's back pocket.

"Good morning. I hope you are still not terribly drunk; it will shorten the chase."

A confused grumble and slow growing alarm appeared in Mr. Fischer's face. He shifted and tested his arms and started groaning in frustration. His eyes narrowed and glared at Hannibal. Hannibal stood at his full height and checked his watch.

"Mr. Fischer, if you survive the next five minutes, I shall spare your life. Do you think you can do that?" Humor and challenge laced Hannibal's voice, almost seductive as menacing. The drunk man started to shiver and look around in panic, the fear cutting in through the alcohol. Hannibal hummed and stepped back from the hallway entrance.

"Alright, five minutes, clock starts…Now."

Mr. Fischer sprung sideways and banged against the hallway while dashing across the trailer to the door. Hannibal waited for the pig to stumble out of the trailer before striding after.

04:15

Hannibal stepped outside and looked about and inhaled. He smelled fermenting fear to his left and watched as Mr. Fischer try to yell at his sleeping retriever then turn back and spot Hannibal walking toward him. The orange streetlights flickered and left Hannibal's sharp features cloaking his face in shadows. He was sure it was his deathly appearance that had the pig stumbling and running again.
What amused Hannibal was that the pig unknowingly was running down the ally towards Hannibal's Bentley.

03:32

Hannibal rotated his shoulders and neck, feeling the kinks give, and sprinted forward. Shadows and hazy lights dashed across his vision; blood hummed in his ears. Hannibal caught that fear again, rich and acidic. A quick movement ahead identified his prey. Mr. Fischer appeared to be lurking in the shadows and jumping from bush to bush.

02:46

Hannibal slowed to a stalk, watching the frantic man's head whip back and forth to try and spot Hannibal or possibly help. There would be no help.
Mr. Fischer crept forward low to the ground and Hannibal could feel the pig's pulse to soon be under his fingertips, right before he snuffs it out. Hannibal decided to give the pig hope. He purposely ruffled some branches and snapped some twigs. Mr. Fischer did not bother to

look back and sprung into a sprint towards the parking lot where the church waited. Hannibal did not continue through the alleyway and instead through backyards, taking the risk to reap the benefits.

02:00

Hannibal felt something savage split across his face, and his monster was howling. He leapt and bounded over fences, hedges, and yard equipment. He heard the thudding footsteps of his prey as they ran parallel.

01:15.

Mr. Fischer finally broke through the alleyway and into the open parking lot. His chest heaving from exertion and adrenaline, he spun in circles as his eyes frantically searched for the beast that was hunting him. The lot was silent, no one awake and no one around. Mr. Fischer saw the back entrance doors to the church, felt the sanctuary sing to him promising safety. He started to walk towards it passing a tan van and approaching a dark car.

00:45

The monster grew from the shadows, like he was smoke. Mr. Fischer felt his knees buckle and fell, tears spilling down his eyes as his killer loomed above, definite and damning. Mr. Fischer could not see
any eyes on that face, only two darks pools swirling, and Mr. Fischer swore he saw hell in them.

The monster purred, “oh Mr. Fischer. So close.” It mocked the doomed man, because he never was close, was he?

00:15

“Times up.” And soon all Mr. Fischer saw was darkness enveloping him, and the sound of bones cracking.

***

Will rang Hannibal’s front door six o’clock on the dot.

Hannibal opened it to be greeted with the sight of Will “done up.” The baker was not in his usual flour-covered jeans and flannels but black dress slacks, shined shoes, and a sky-blue button up. Even his rebellious hair was controlled by gel, yet one defiant curl escaped on his forehead. Hannibal smiled and opened the door wider to allow the beauty in.

“Perfect punctuality, Will.”

“Heh, well, don’t hold me to it for future events. Thankfully the store was slow today.” Will stood in the foyer, already looking like he belonged here as a part of Hannibal’s domain. The doctor placed a hand on the small of Will’s back and guided him to the kitchen.

“Well, please make yourself comfortable as I put the finishing touches on our meal. Wine?” Hannibal moved behind the counter and placed two crystal wine glasses on the pristine countertop, already chosen a wine to complement their evening dinner.

Will hovered nearby, fidgety and unsure, but his curiosity burned through it all as he openly inspected the kitchen. He nodded to wine and murmured something under his breath. Hannibal pushed forward the glass and returned to his oven to remove the chorizo and sweet potato roast.

Will frowned and then looked at his feet, “Um, would you like help?” His voice was small, and Hannibal paused in his working to observe the man. Will did not look at Hannibal as he continued, “I know you want to serve me, but I can help if you’d like? I mean, I know you don’t need it…” Ah, so Will did not want to be intrusive or unhelpful, and was caught between the two and not insulting Hannibal.
This made the doctor smile thinking of how much Will seems to consider his feelings, it left Hannibal’s monster hungry for more of that courtesy.

“Would you mind helping me set the table, darling?”

This perked Will up and Hannibal could see his tag wag with being given a task. Will followed Hannibal’s directions with an adorable seriousness and need to please, and left the kitchen to fulfill his duties in the formal dining room. Hannibal set to finishing his veal cutlets in the pan, and marinated it further in white wine to build the flavor in the crust. His plating was ready on the counter, and soon Hannibal was entering the dining room.

Will was in his seat, looking about and Hannibal caught the amused snort when blue eyes observed the Leda and Swan painting above the mantel.

“My Dr. Lecter, quite the hedonistic room.” Will had a teasing lilt to his voice that made Hannibal want to kiss away into something more desperate.

“I am not one to deny myself the pleasures of life. Which is why I shall indulge us both with tonight’s course,” Hannibal gracefully sat both plates down and watched Will lick his lips, “I present to you Veal Francaise, fried and flavored with white wine and fresh lemon, paired with a chorizo and sweet potato roast; as well as a fresh spring salad.”

Will grinned at Hannibal as the doctor sat down, “I feel like I should clap.”

“Perhaps we should save an applause for our dinner party,” Hannibal winked and cut into his cutlet. Will was not as elegant with his cuts and chewed on a large piece immediately humming his praise. The adorable heathen just infatuated Hannibal further, who finally ate his more polite piece of ‘veal.’

“Wow, now I feel like an idiot.”

Hannibal sipped his wine, “why, dearest?”

“Because I should have been way more nervous when you tasted my food.” Will kept his eyes on his plate and tone light, continuing to eat more of the cutlet and try the chorizo and

sweet potato.

“Where did you learn to cook?”

“Florence, while I was a young man studying medicine, I picked up the hobby. It is now more than that, but I spent many evenings practicing in the kitchen.”

Will nodded, “Florence, of course, I assume you were sipping wine and singing Italian opera as well? Just serenading all who passed by?”

“Hmm, perhaps. Do you take me as one to serenade?”

“I take you as a pristine Tom cat.”

Hannibal felt a grin break at that, “I must say, I’ve never been accused a Tom cat.”

“No? I think the three-piece and suave accent throws em off.”

Hannibal hummed and cut another bite, “and what about your baking?”

Will seemed to pause, sniff and shrug his shoulders before taking a drink, “my grandma baked. I would stay with her while Pa worked at the docks. She made beignets and pies.” Will finished his cutlet and sat back a bit with a serious look, “I didn’t start back up on baking until five years ago.”

Hannibal watched Will’s eyes, they had that stormy look to them again.

“And what inspired you to start again, if you do not mind me asking?”
Will fidgeted in his seat and slowly rotated the knife in his hand.

“Pa passed away, and he always liked when I would use grandma’s recipes, made him feel like she was still with us. After college I got busy and stopped baking. I regret not making him one last batch of beignets before he died…” Will’s tone was hard, but his face fell.

Hannibal could see Will drift away from the dining room and into a place much more somber and melancholier. Hannibal reached and held Will’s hand not twirling the knife. He squeezed and felt Will’s calloused skin, strong fingers.

“Will,” he spoke low and soothing, “stay with me.”

Will blinked back into the present and seemed surprised to see their hands joined. A blush crept up Will’s neck and he looked up at Hannibal.
“Have you any regrets?”

Hannibal did not expect this, but did not let it show on his face. He kept holding onto that hand to anchor Will closer.

“Only one.”

Will nodded, not asking what it is and Hannibal was quietly grateful for the lack of questioning. Will sighed and squeezed Hannibal's hand before slipping away to finish his plate.

"Unfortunately, I have quite the sink hole of regrets," Will chewed and thought, "tell me, would you wish to forget that regret?"

Hannibal shook his head, "never. As much as it tortures me, it motivates me as well."

Will smiled a crooked thing, "what else motivates you? It must be difficult to find motivation as a man with everything."
Hannibal swirled his wine and took a long sip, ever one for dramatics.

"Not everything, Will. Not yet."

They shared a quiet look for a long time after that. Will's pupil expanded engulfing his irises in temptation and Hannibal could smell the arousal and tinge of fear there. They finished their dinner and dessert without another word.

***

The study was cozy, and dark and organized. A true place for aristocratic study and perfect atmosphere for a night cap. Will lounged on the couch's dark brown leather, a glass of bourbon in hand as he read titles off of Hannibal's bookshelf.

"You were a surgeon before psychiatry."

Hannibal hummed a confirmation and turned to lean against his desk, nursing a second glass of wine. He spotted the anatomy covers Will was peering at.

"Yes, I was an ER surgeon at Hopkins."

"Fast paced and steady hand, I assume your other hobbies follow a similar formula?"

"Not quite, sketching and composing require patience over quick performances."

Will stood and made his way slowly over to Hannibal, his hips were hypnotizing in their flow and eyes gleaming. Hannibal felt heat start to pool in his stomach just watching his muse. It was damning how attractive the baker could be, how his voice kept chipping away at Hannibal's mask to peer inside and see.

Oh, absolutely addicting. Absolutely dangerous.

Will plucked a coaster and sat it down followed by his bourbon upon the desk. Pinning Hannibal in with either arm and luring the wine out of the doctor's grasp. Hannibal was intrigued. How bold of the man.

Will was not much shorter than Hannibal, but still managed to peer up and bat sad doe eyes… They were anything but sad, the devious temptation was plotting behind such a façade. Hannibal let his now free hands slide around Will's back, feeling the strong planes of muscle through the thing shirt. Will leaned closer, his legs now straddling around Hannibal's.

"Thank you for dinner…" Will's voice took a sultry tone and he placed soft kisses along Hannibal's jaw. Hannibal hummed and kept Will close. Will's hand skimmed down the front of his chest, tugging on Hannibal's tie and going further to the front of his dress pants. Will rubbed against Hannibal's cock and licked below his ear. Hannibal gently closed his eyes, absorbing the heat between them and the thick scent of Will's arousal, of cinnamon and something Earthy.

The hard press of Will's own growing erection had both filled with a certain urgency, to feel skin and the fingertips of the other. Will undid the button and fly of Hannibal's pants as the older gentleman unbuttoned Will's shirt. Hannibal wanted to mark and bite that beautiful neck.

Fire crackled in the black marble fireplace, the room moving with the flames, and Hannibal leaned in to get a taste of the baker. Will had Hannibal's cock free and growing in his tight hand, pumping and teasing the doctor. Hannibal let a soft groan rumble through his chest and felt Will shiver in response. Soon he was leaking precum and wanted more than Will's hands, needed Will to feel good too.
He wasted no time freeing Will's erection and wrapping a large hand around them both. Will's hips stuttered and he cried out against Hannibal's chest at the sensation. His face pulling almost in pain at the sensory overload. Hannibal did not let up, and continued to squeeze them together and tilted his hips up, the other hand lowered to Will's pert ass.

Hannibal groped him and decided Will wasn't moaning enough, wasn't falling apart quite right, and so brought his hand back up to Will's lips. The baker's eyes were hazy and took a moment to process Hannibal's silent command before wrapping that sinful mouth around two thick fingers. His tongue lathered them and rubbed against the pads, a whine bubbling in the back of his throat. Out of curiosity, Hannibal pressed his fingers deeper, Will gagged but kept his mouth tight around them, not letting up.

Will was fully leaning on Hannibal and began to rock his pelvis against Hannibal's pumping hand. Hannibal, once satisfied, removed his fingers and slipped them into the back of Will pants, noting the younger man did not wear underwear. Very naughty of him.

Hannibal glided his hand down between Will's cheeks and felt them how soft the man was here. He found Will's entrance and massaged with wet fingers. Will was twitching and shuddering more, his voice becoming breathless and Hannibal kept their cocks locked in a steady pace.

"Hann-Ah!" Hannibal pushed a slippery finger through the tight ring of muscle, felt his cock thicken in his hand just imagining sliding into Will, oh it would ruin them both. Hannibal continued to prod and massage Will open, peppering soothing kisses wherever he could reach. Will continued to moan and pant, the delicious thing.

Once one finger was fully in and pushing, Hannibal added a second to scissor Will further open. Will gripped Hannibal's suit and whined, rocking back and forth to be jerked by Hannibal's merciless hand then impaled on his fingers. Hannibal twisted both fingers up causing Will to yelp and shake in his knees. Ah, there it is.

Hannibal targeted Will's prostate and felt his own balls tighten, Will rocking harder against Hannibal's cock. Tears budded at those pretty blue eyes and Will was mewling Hannibal's name. So supple and sensitive to Hannibal's attention, it was a symphony that he wanted to store forever in his memory palace. Will started to babble, whole body jerking and turning a lovely shade of rose.

"Please, please, please Hannibal- I can't!"

"Ssh, you're perfect," he purred into Will's ears earning another cry of his name.

"Hannibal please, I wanna cu-AH!"

"Take it, take your pleasure, mylimas."

Hannibal held his hands still, allowing Will to control the pace as the young man was forceful chasing after his climax. Hannibal felt the pressure and friction against his cock, it was delicious and powerful causing his own climax to near with Will. He kept his fingers curled in Will, rubbing furiously against that sensitive bud that had Will seeing white.

A few more impaling thrusts and Will was spilling over Hannibal's hands, he felt Will's entrance tighten around his fingers something fierce. He used Will's cum to slide his hand fast over their cocks, Will's softening against his own. Will screamed and Hannibal bit down on his collar bone, finally cumming himself.

They collapsed against each other, chest heaving with exertion. Hannibal took a moment to breathe before slowly removing both hands from Will, who whined feeling Hannibal's fingers leave his body. Hannibal grabbed a few tissues off his desk and cleaned his hands and their members, helping Will tuck himself back into his trousers.

Will sighed, "that… that was good."

Hannibal smiled at Will, enchanted by the baker's flabbergasted and exhausted expression. Will began to button his shirt back up and Hannibal fixed his own state. Will ran a hand through his hair loosening the gel and curls free, and looked about, a shy look gracing his usually serious face. Hannibal said nothing, enjoying the moment to see Will frazzled and lost for words.

"Are… is this safe?"

Hannibal blinked, "you think me dangerous?"

Will shook his head and placed his hands on his hips, looking at the Persian rug under their feet.

"Sorta, but I think together… together might be too much."

Was this his out? His chance to end things for good for them both, before Hannibal fell further under Will's spell and could never turn back. Would Hannibal want things to end? It's the smart and sensible choice, the one that does not jeopardize his safety with such an unpredictable variable. But wasn't Hannibal bored? Wasn't that the root of all his problems? To deny himself of Will was just as life threatening.

Hannibal gently tilted Will's chin up, guiding the baker back into Hannibal's commanding gaze. "Do not tell me you're retreating now?" Hannibal challenged Will and was greeted by a fierce spark that came raging in Will's eyes. "Sweet Will, if safety and the mundane are what you crave… I am not for you."

Will glared, he stepped closer to Hannibal and firmly grasped the wrist holding his chin.

"The mundane?"

"Horribly suburban and domestic, routine and days rolling on by. Will, darling Will, I will never give you domestic."

"What will you give me?"

"Power."

Will's face fell, something hopeless and devastated as he pressed into Hannibal's arms. He was weeping, "this will only end in blood, Hannibal."
Hannibal felt his monster shiver, Will was so broken by the absolute of their joining, how Hannibal was right. Will did not want safety, and the baker's beast howled back to Hannibal's serenade. He was agreed with Will.

Only blood.

***

Tomorrow was the big night, and Hannibal felt his bones buzzing with this energy. Not quite anxious but with the anticipation for something to happen. Hannibal would never admit to this paranoia, yet it did leave him concerned. His instincts were never wrong.

His phone vibrated on the kitchen counter, pausing Hannibal in making his lunch. He wiped his hands clean on a rag and answered the call.

"Hannibal Lecter speaking."

"Ah, I see, did you have my number deleted?" Alana's teasing tone chimed through the speaker. Hannibal pulled the phone from his ear to see the caller ID which showed Alana's name in bold.

"Oh never, I simply did not read the ID."

"Are you busy? I can call later if that is better?"

“Not at all, please, how can I help you?” Hannibal rested the phone on the counter switching to speaker and presumed to add olive oil to a heated pan. A satisfying sizzle made Hannibal’s eyes crinkle.

“Well, if you’re not busy, I’d like to help with your preparations tomorrow afternoon.”

Hannibal’s eyebrow raised and he felt displeasure color his mood. He supposed it was normal for Alana to arrive early and help with drinks and hors d’oeuvres. She would notice something amiss if he denied this to her, and their last exchange was less than polite. This could patch his reputation with her… and Hannibal was curious to how his darling would react, being so explosive with Franklyn, Will is sure to give a performance.

Hannibal hummed, “yes, why thank you. Arrive here at 5’o’clock?”

Alana seemed to have let out a relieved breath, “Yes, of course! I have to admit, I was worried you’d say no. I am sorry of how irritable I was.” Hannibal knew she was not truly apologetic for her behavior, just that she slipped from her usual polite and prim visage. Hannibal did not call her out.

“As am I, think of it as water under the bridge.”

“I was thinking the same, great! I look forward to seeing you.” Her voice dropped to something melodic and Hannibal felt his beast snicker at how betrayed she will feel seeing Will arrive. The balance will be not to confuse Will with his intentions, Alana’s mere presence will set off the bomb. Hannibal needn’t flirt with the woman back to have Will seething, so better to remain professional when she arrives. Hannibal wants the damage between himself and Will to be kept to a minimal.

“Do you have my brew ready?”

“Of course, a frosted pint glass too.”

“You know me so well, Hannibal.”

He hummed, “I will see you tomorrow.”

“Yes, have a lovely rest of your day.” They hung up and Hannibal shook his head. She did not say the word right. Will truly ruined him.

Hannibal finished his stir-fry and plated the colorful dish. Mr. Fischer was not quite enough to support tomorrow’s meals, so Hannibal will need to have a double hunt tonight. Quick and efficient, certainly not like the indulgence he allowed himself with Mr. Fischer.

Hannibal turned on the radio while he enjoyed his lunch and read the paper.

***

Alana was across from Hannibal in the kitchen, her pint sitting beside her as she peeled potatoes. She was beautiful in a white sweet-heart neckline and tight pencil skirt ending right before her knees. Hannibal was wearing deep maroon and grey pinstriped three-piece suit. His undershirt was a slate black, vest a glossy matching grey, and wine-red jacquard tie. Hannibal would lie if he did not admit that tonight he felt especially devilish. An apron protected his clothes from any stains, and the silence between the two adults was broken by the doorbell ringing. Hannibal went to the front, opening it up to the waiters and waitresses he hired for the evening, and behind them his baker.

Will was absolutely dashing, and oh how Hannibal wished to ravish the man right on the steps. He wouldn't have cared if the others saw, Will needed to be shown off and praised for how perfect he looked
right now.

Will wore a simple deep navy suit, his undershirt being a plush white and tartan tie composed of different hues of blue. Polished brown shoes, and that perfect curl had Hannibal swooning, and his expression must have given him away for Will was developing a gorgeous blush.

"I'm, uh, going to unload." Will shifted nervously, Hannibal snapped out of his stupor to nod, "Yes, do you acquire assistance? The waiters here are available for your desserts as well, do not be afraid to order them to help." Will nodded.

"I shouldn't need it, will I be able to set up in the kitchen? Everything is already made and ready, I just need to refrigerate the cakes and store the angel wings under the oven to stay warm."

"Yes, everything is open for you to use." Hannibal smiled and walked forward, taking Will's hand and pulling him up the steps to stand before the doctor. He brushed a finger down Will's cheek, "you look ravishing, I wish to devour you." He spoke low and against Will's lips. This had the baker smirking.

"Tom cat," he teased, and Hannibal felt his heart shudder at the affection in Will's voice.

"Mylimas, I need to hear you."

Will shifted in Hannibal's hold, "c'mon you need to be in the kitchen, let go."

Hannibal shook his head and squeezed Will closer, "Must I beg? I am cursed and rooted to the concrete, sweet Will only you may spare me with your words."

Will laughed, oh it glorious and had Hannibal licking his lips wishing he could taste such joyous laughter. Will was watching him, "You really like it that much?"

"You have both ruined and elevated the word for me, darling."

Will sighed in exasperated defeat, but his smile was still dancing across his lips when he spoke.

“Hannibal,” it was turn to glide gentle fingers down the side of Hannibal’s face to draw the older gentleman in, “you look so lovely for me. So handsome and lovely, that I do not think I will be able to keep my eyes off you the rest of the evening.”

Hannibal was positively enamored and preened under such compliments. He did not Will’s eyes to stray from him any moment during this dinner, the notion was unbearable. Why were there even guests and waiters and Alana in his home right now? They should all be thrown out, so that he and Will may enjoy the night alone and in each other’s arms.

Will kissed Hannibal’s sharp cheek, “And you’ll be so lovely when I bring you to completion tonight.” A sharp nibble on Hannibal’s ear lobe, and the man was willing his erection to stay down with every ounce of control within him.

“Such an evil creature you are, Will Graham,” Hannibal kissed Will on the lips slow and seductive before stepping away, cannot lose his composure yet. Will gained confidence from this exchange and winked before turning to retrieve the boxes of desserts he has prepared.

Hannibal called for a waiter to help Will anyway and returned to his station in the kitchen. They had an estimated 45 minutes before the first guests arrived and Hannibal needed everything prepped and on a simmer. He pulled out the cuts harvested from his pigs, lungs, thighs, and heart. Alana had finished the potatoes and moved onto carrots when Hannibal returned. She frowned at Hannibal’s lips, surely red tinge due to the lustful baker.

Speaking of, Will entered with stacked boxes of desserts followed by a waiter carrying a similar load. Will and the waiter sat the desserts on a separate counter from the main island, and Will was giving out instructions on plating. When his assistant scurried away to retrieve the correct dishes, Will finally turned to the island. He froze spotting Alana, who in turn stared back like a deer caught in headlights.
That is when the previous paranoia from the day before returned. It quietly buzzed alarm in Hannibal’s blood, as he watched something absolutely snarling and thrashing flash in Will’s expression. What worried Hannibal more was when Will’s expression was wiped, to be more precise all of them disappeared. He was a slate and devoid of everything. It was like looking in a mirror.

Hannibal felt a nerve tick and watched Will turn his back to them both. The baker was mechanical, even the returning assistant seemed to hesitate in approaching. They plated the clusters on a multi-tiered cake stand. It was a pleasing sight, and Will vanished from the kitchen to place the stand in the parlor where the hors d’oeuvres would be served.

Alana flew to Hannibal’s side once the threat had left the room.

“Why is he here?!” she hissed and kept nervously glancing at the doorway.

Hannibal was annoyed by her remark, “he appears to be catering.” His tone was flat.

She glared at him, eyebrows furrowing as she tucked a loose strand of raven hair behind her ear, “you know how much I dislike him.” Was she now assuming Hannibal, no expecting him, to abide by her every whim and opinion? Oh, how dreadfully mistaken the woman was.

“His desserts are spectacular, and he’s an excellent chef. I could not do without his services, Alana.” She huffed at this and moved back to her side of the counter, still within reach of Hannibal should he choose to snap her thin neck.

“He is gloomy, he’ll ruin your dinner,” now the woman was being rude.

“Alana, why don’t you greet guests? Surely, the kitchen is too gloomy an environment for your opinion.” To this she almost protested, but the look in Hannibal’s eye stopped her. She nodded and quietly removed her apron and left it folded on the side table. She walked out the kitchen door, passing Will on the way in. Will did not acknowledge her, making the woman squeeze to the far side of the doorway to avoid his shoulders. She threw a look at Hannibal as if to tattle, but then stormed off.

Hannibal watched Will stalk through the kitchen with still such a blank indifferent look. The baker was always harder to predict, but he did the opposite of what Hannibal expected. It was still firing off warning shots, and Hannibal decided space between himself, and Will was in the best interest for both parties. And, of course, the safety of everyone in the kitchen.

Will was slicing the Opera cake into even squares, but they looked different from when Hannibal last saw them at that tasting. Will moved past him swiftly to place the cakes into the fridge and back to the far counter to work on his fried angel wings. Hannibal finished his meat prep work and set instructions to his two handpicked assistants and guided them through searing and dressing the meats.

7’o’clock chimed and soon chattering could be heard out of the kitchen and into the front of the home. Hannibal washed his hands and folded up his apron before heading out the kitchen. He had lost sight of Will while helping the waiters, and tried not to be concerned by this. Hannibal went to the front door to greet the incoming guests and guide them into the foyer. Alana was mingling with the few doctors invited to the dinner, and eyed Hannibal as he walked in.

With Will possibly slinking about anywhere and ready to go feral, Hannibal elected to ignore the woman. He could not predict how this night might turn out now that Will was closed off from him, and this was… frustrating to say the least. Will was once again stealing his control.

Hannibal accepted champagne and spoke with each guest making his way around the room. Most of the guests attending the event were not anything special. Fellow opera attendees who did not step on Hannibal’s nerves and Baltimore socialites who had their hand in many businesses. Overall, rather boring and an illusion of power. Not a single one had the presence that his darling Will presented.
Hannibal finally located the baker restocking the cake-stand with more of those French dark clusters and walked over.

“You’re upset.”

Will huffed, “what an astounding observation, Dr. Lecter.” Oh, so now Hannibal was Dr. Lecter? Hannibal frowned lightly and changed out his empty glass for another full one of champagne.

“Mylimas, may I explain?”

Will turned on him quickly, glaring and letting that hidden rage break through, “No, I want to hate you right now. It will make this dinner easier.”

Hannibal sighed, “that is quite selfish of you.”

“Selfish?! Ha! You can afford to sit in the hot seat for awhile and squirm.” Will’s voice was a low venom, from a distant observer the two men seemed to be in a serious conversation, not a lover’s tiff.

“Darling, you know Alana is nothing to me.”

Will seemed to break at that. He grabbed Hannibal’s sleeve and guided them quickly through the room and down a hall into a powder room where he shut the door behind them. Will was blinking rapidly, red rimmed and tears threatening to fall. Will was something fierce and angelic like this, pain was probably the prettiest expression Will had.

Hannibal couldn’t resist wiping a stray tear with his thumb. “Oh sweet thing, you doubt me?”

“How can I not?!” Will voice’s broke then and a fresh batch of anger rolled through to hide the pain, “she’s here before me, cooking with you! God Hannibal, you could’ve just stabbed me in the heart there, I know how big that is!” Will moved out of Hannibal’s grasp and leaned back against the bathroom door heaving, “How can I not? She-she looks perfect beside you!”

Hannibal now had a second regret. He felt something twist and he had to resist pulling Will into his arms where he would be safe and know only undying love, because yes, this unexpected pain and regret could only mean Hannibal loved Will. He shook his head in dismay.

“Will, Alana is nothing.” Hannibal repeated more firmly.

“You let her fawn all over you! You give her permission to enter into your space, the space that you promised me!” Will snapped, he held up a hand stopping Hannibal from speaking. “If that woman touches you, I will flay her alive. And then I’ll come for you.”

Will turned and slammed the door behind him and walked out and away from Hannibal, leaving the doctor and his monster in pain from their mistake. He took a deep breath and calmed his nerves, taking control and looking at the situation apart from his volatile emotions. Will did not explicitly end things between them, and it is not like Hannibal would have allowed it. Will would be chained and locked down in the basement, until conditioning was met and Hannibal could have the younger man back in his bed.

But he was not going to let it get that far. Will was still attached, and so Hannibal had to for once obey someone else. If he was going to get to keep Will, freely and without resistance, he was going to obey and display his affection for Will. Yes, he needs to prove his love through actions, words would never sate his darling. The perfect and savage creature demanded submission from Hannibal to feel secure.

The doctor exhaled slowly and found his control again with a plan to execute. He adjusted his suit and wiped away invisible dirt, before stepping back out onto the stage and readying for the biggest performance of his life. Hannibal needed to show Will just how much he loved him.

***

Thus far, the dinner was a success. Everyone had been seated and finishing up their second plate of the main course, and Hannibal was eager to show off Will's desserts to his guests. Will was currently sitting next to Hannibal's right, and pouting too. He spoke only when spoken too and continued to wear that aloof expression to hide the torrent of emotions whirling inside. Hannibal felt better knowing that Will was hiding, and not truly indifferent to him.

Alana was seated three chairs down and across from the baker, and he ignored her existence thoroughly well. In fact, Alana was now trying to get the man's attention through innuendos and business remarks to spur Will into joining the conversation. Hannibal was amused by Alana's death wish.

Hannibal personally saw to the dessert course, and excused himself from the table to walk back into the kitchen with his two waiting assistants. He opened the fridge where the cakes were stored to retain their moisture and pulled the precuts onto the counter. Hannibal paused, and observed the new detail added to the tops of the cakes. A white chocolate glaze was added, but through line art. Beautiful movement and hypnotizing swirls graced across the top, forming different images. It was more than just a flick of the wrist, precision was carved and Hannibal was impressed.

He wondered why Will would have added such an artistic feature.

Then Hannibal's mind pulled some puzzle pieces forward. The TattleCrime article reviewing a string of taboo homicides five years ago, the same time when Will went into baking. There was another odd number wasn't there? Seven known victims and seven stray dogs Will had collected. Such an enormous animal lover would be the rescuing type, not just from shelters but perhaps from abusive owners as well.

The two waiters were bringing out the angel wings along with their dipping sauces. Hannibal nodded them to go ahead and serve those first, as he quietly took in his bearings. Will had spoken with potential violence, but Hannibal did not take him seriously. The threats to harm Franklyn and Alana were more real and it sent a thrill up Hannibal's spine. His monster was restless.

Hannibal decided he needed to know with certainty if the angelic baker he is courting is the East Coast Carver, and ask the man if that is really the serial killer name he chose. Truthfully, it was atrocious.
Hannibal entered back into the dining room listening to the grateful hums of the upper class enjoying Will's food and felt quiet pride in his darling. He dished out the Opera cakes and repeated the ingredients and presentation how Will did for him.

“Please give your gratitude for these desserts to Mr. Graham. Mr. Graham is both the dessert caterer and guest of honor tonight. If you wish for more of his delicious baking, I’m sure he would be happy to give you all a business card.”

A small applause echoed in the room and the socialites continued with their conversations, more were pulling Will into discussions and asking him questions trying to know the mysterious man. Will was casting suspicious glances Hannibal’s way, not as hostile as previously and Hannibal decided to count it as a win. He walked back into the kitchen to enter his wine cellar. Such a grand occasion called for something special, and once he was perusing the labels another presence entered the room. Her clicking heels gave her away as well as the smell of artificial daisies.

“Hannibal,” her voice was almost pleading in a seductive way, and he was worried. What was with this annoying woman and choosing the absolute worst of times to pursue her one-sided affections with the doctor. He did not turn around.

“Alana, you’ve left your seat?”

A few more clicks and she was closer now. “I wanted to speak with you, in privacy… while everyone else were busy.”

Hannibal did not want to make a mess and offing the woman now would raise alarm to the other guests. This was not his best night. He was silently commanding Alana not to take another step.
“Is it an emergency, I’m afraid I would not be a good host if I left my guests for long.” He grabbed two bottles and turned, seeing what Alana could not. More precisely who.

Will was by the counter, watching Alana’s movements. Hannibal did not want blood in his kitchen where the waiting staff and guests could see so he took a few steps back and deeper into the cellar. Alana seemed encouraged by this, seeing Hannibal do the opposite of his words, and followed him.

“I think it’s an emergency for our relationship, for our future.”

Hannibal kept his posture open and unguarded. He did not want her running, and as she chattered on about some kind of metaphorical romance between them, Hannibal was running through excuses for her absent from the rest of the dinner. Hannibal settled on continuing the theme of emergencies and will come up with a lie about her older parents. That should do it, and he had no choice. Will was now in the room.

Hannibal was not certain that Will would attack him too, the man was brimming with energy. The darkness in his eyes was haunting and Hannibal felt his bones stretch, muscles were snapping, and all he could think about was hunting with Will’s monster. The beast in him was tearing at the gates and snapping for attention, for action.

The real feast has yet to begun and Hannibal was starving.

Will clicked the cellar door behind them, locking it. Alana spun around to see the baker and glared, “what are you doing here? It is rude to eavesdrop.” She did sense the danger in the

room.
Will blinked at her once, twice, then finally looked at Hannibal. He was testing the doctor and looking for something. Hannibal wanted beyond anything and everything to pass this, and hold the glorious beast before him. To bathe in their sins.

Hannibal nodded.

Will sprung forward and slammed Alana against the cellar's center table causing her shout in shock. Will wrapped his hands around her delicate throat, thumbs pressing in firmly as she tried to claw him off. He snarled at her, "it's rude to take what is not yours," voice dripping with poison.

Hannibal watched as Will choke the life out of the woman, not caring and only feeling his explosive possession over Hannibal. A person being possessive of Hannibal, protective and territorial enough to kill for him, was something he had never experience. His darling guard dog was a frightful image, and it was enchanting.

Will's darkness, his infinite well of emotions and passion was what Hannibal was missing. Will did not do anything for the aesthetic pleasure. No, Will was his own unique creature, an avenging angel. He would complete Hannibal, in more ways than in love.

Alana had stopped struggling, her pretty face turning blue as veins popped in her startled eyes. Will then huffed in annoyance and twisted his wrists violently snapped Alana's head and letting her limply fall off the table onto the cold floor.

There was a moment of silence. Everything in the room was waiting for something to break the quiet, and Will simply looked back at Hannibal. His expressions were not as closed off, and Hannibal watched Will flick through each one like a slide show. Hannibal assumed Will must be confused at Hannibal's lack of reaction to the situation, probably expecting a struggle or chase. Hannibal sighed and sat down the wine bottles, watching Will flinch and twitch to every movement. "Will," his voice was calm.

The baker was a cornered animal and looked back down to Alana frowning again. He mumbled absently, "I've never killed like that before… never for that reason." Will rubbed the palm of his hands into his eyes, frowning further into a scowl. "I forgot she was a human…"

Hannibal was silent in his steps closer to Will, slightly behind the man should he try to lash out. Will was being more himself in this moment.

"Forgot?"

Will peeked over at Hannibal, still confused over what transpired, "I was angry, but then it went away, and I felt nothing. Like it was just something I needed to do… she wasn't necessary anymore…"

Hannibal hummed and felt deeper curiosity at what Will admitted, "you stalked and hunted your prey, Will."

The darling creature nodded, “I was me one moment, but I think just then I was you… I wanted her to hurt like I was seeing her by your side. But then it didn’t matter if she felt pain. She just needed to be dead.” Ah, so that’s why he snapped Alana’s neck, so impersonal.

“Will… what happened five years ago.” Hannibal had to know.
Will shook his head, tears were now flooding down his cheeks, “I had to stop.”

“Why?” Hannibal persisted.

Will turned away, leaning against the table to avoid Hannibal’s intense stare. “Please, I can’t-,” a sob racked through his chest. Hannibal tentatively rubbed Will’s shoulders, trying to soothe the shaking man. His lovely angel, who suffered so beautifully.

“Will…”

“I-I couldn’t stop!” Will clenched his teeth in pain, “it wasn’t supposed to keep happening! It grew inside me and and…” Hannibal rubbed up and down the side of Will’s arms pulling him to Hannibal’s chest to feel his steady breath, steady heartbeat.

“First I did it because no one else would! But it was so beautiful, and I began to crave that power…” Will whispered the last part, heartbroken over his tainted soul. Hannibal was euphoric.

“Mylimas, beloved perfect creature, you are meant to be by my side,” Will sniffed and glanced back at Hannibal vulnerable, “you are addicted to the power, and I will never deny you this. Stay with me, I will give everything I have to see you bathed in blood.” Hannibal kissed Will’s ear keeping his voice a low timber. Will shivered against him.

“I told you, this is dangerous,” Will frowned and grumbled in a resolved reluctance. He did not fight leaning back into Hannibal’s warmth.

“Only us, Mylimas, only us.”

Will nodded and looked back up at the older gentleman. “The body?”

“Let me take care of it. You join our guests and tell them I escorted Alana home due to a family emergency. Entertain for me, and I will add to you reward tonight.”
Will finally cracked a hesitant smile, “… I’m getting a reward?”

“Yes, for being perfect and mine,” Hannibal purred the last bit and turned Will for a deep kiss. His tongue tasted Will’s lips and the coppery blood from biting down. It was delightful and had Hannibal once again wishing his house was empty. Will moaned softly and did not hesitate to ravish the doctor back.

Once Will’s lips were thoroughly bruised, he sent his little murderer back into the dining room. Hannibal waited a moment then clicked a hidden panel opening up to the basement. Hannibal threw Alana’s dead weight across his shoulder and carried her corpse down the basement steps, switching on the overhead lights. He did not want to waste anytime and opened up the full body-length freezer. Hannibal laid her down into her temporary icy grave,

and closed the overhead lid and locking it for good measure. Hannibal washed his hands and made his way back upstairs, shutting off the lights, and closing the panel door. He grabbed the two bottles of wine, a wine opener, and closed the cellar door behind him locking it too. Hannibal could hear Will's voice in the dining room, friendly and engaging.

What a deceitful angel, utterly perfect in every way.

Hannibal entered back into the dining room, apologizing for his absence but redeeming himself through expensive wine and an open bar in the parlor. His guests left their seating to be herded out, servants milling about cleaning up their plates and utensils, and Hannibal shot Will an appreciative smile. Will returned the affection but did not hover, following the guests as Hannibal gave the final orders to his clean-up crew.

The evening proceeded casually. Hannibal spoke with a few more of his invitees and offered generous donations to others for whatever charity event they were trying to sell him on. He did not care, just needed their good graces to ignore his absence earlier that evening.

Will had disappeared to pack away his own equipment and store the leftovers. Hannibal escorted the last guest out to their car, bidding them goodnight, and returned to his home. The staff had already left, everything spotless as usual, and Hannibal finally got his wish for an empty home… Almost.

Hannibal had to find the darling minx that was just as dangerous as he was charming. Hannibal inhaled, finding a hint of Earthy herbs and cinnamon deeper in the home. As he walked through his home, slowly undoing his tie and shrugging off his jacket, Hannibal found he still could not predict the outcome of this evening. Will could be plotting all sorts of mischief or even Hannibal's demise. It was exciting and gave Hannibal a thrill.

The scent grew stronger once he entered the study, a smile playing along his lips. Will of course would feel that this room was more private, more of them. Hannibal wandered how Will will reclaim the kitchen. And there was the matter of Alana's corpse in his basement… the matter of being seen and Will knowing who Hannibal is.

A soft shift behind Hannibal had him reacting, he grabbed the forearm of the shadow and twisted them both around, pining the culprit to the bookshelf with their arm wrenched behind their back. Hannibal leaned in and inhaled the scent of chestnut curls and cheap shampoo. Will was swearing about something, but Hannibal did not pay him any attention before flipping his prey back, chest to chest. Will was chewing on his bottom lip, still watching and calculating Hannibal.

Hannibal did not want his darling to think. He gave no warning before picking the baker up, who yelped Hannibal's name before clinging onto his broad shoulders and waist. Hannibal buried his face in Will's collar, scenting and feeling warmth flood his senses.

"Hannibal, c'mon put me down," Will was grumbling, but when the doctor glanced up he could see how red Will's ears and face has gotten. Will was not used to such handling, like he was something fragile and needed protection. Hannibal hummed and walked over to the study's leather couch, sitting back against and letting them both sink in.

“Darling, you’re enchanting in this light,” Hannibal nosed Will’s shirt collar apart to kiss and lick at the soft neck hidden, sighing in satisfaction.

Will twitched and squirmed on his lap, rubbing against Hannibal’s growing erection. Will was still making a poor attempt to escape Hannibal’s grip. “Please, we need to talk,” the younger man whined.
Hannibal reluctantly drew back from Will’s neck and leaned further away to look him in the eyes. “Mylimas, what do you wish to say?”

Will gulped and seemed to lose his nerve somewhere, eyes skirting everywhere to find it again, “ah, um… Why were you so calm earlier… I know you are pretty apathetic but, that was something else.” Will firmly planted his gaze on Hannibal’s ear.

The doctor did not speak right away, he truly needed to be careful on how he worded this, Hannibal’s moonlight hobbies that transferred over to the kitchen were taboo for even killers. Hannibal settled for a slow execution, something he can savor a few more moments with Will in his lap.

“Perfect, sweet Will you and I share a common addiction,” Hannibal’s hands petted Will’s spine and shoulder blades, gentle tones to keep the man calm.

Will’s eyes widened and he shifted again, honestly not helping Hannibal’s withering control, and things seemed to click in Will’s head. Then suspicion crossed his face.

“Do you know a man named Mark Fischer?”

Now this was unexpected, and Hannibal once again was baffled by how often his angel left him surprised.

“Possibly.”

Will shot a glare at Hannibal, realizing that the older gentleman won’t give up his secrets that easy. “Mark was going to be my first victim after my hiatus… but when I got to the trailer he was gone.” Will was looking into Hannibal’s eyes now.

“His bed a mess, shoes still by the door, which was wide open by the way. His dog, Penny, was drugged asleep in her house. By it, I found footprints digging deep into the dirt, someone running and not caring if they left something behind. The interesting part was the faintest foot impressions that followed the other tracks…” Will tilted his head as his eyes recollected the design he witnessed.

“A chase commenced, but a very playful one. The prey kept darting about, but the predator took another route, meeting Mark in the parking lot…” Hannibal was fascinated, he could not look away as Will retold that night. Will could never leave him now, the baker was the key to any authorities’ clue in discovering Hannibal. Will was more than a guard dog, he was a merciless blood hound. Hannibal wanted more.

“Go on…” Will’s pupils expanded, his voice dropping into something so silky and light. Will knew he was right, and now everything was flirtation and putting together more details.

“You killed didn’t kill him there, but you were violent. You broke Mark’s fingers, one at a time, just to hear him scream… but that wouldn’t work he couldn’t scream, or you would be caught… you gagged him then, so it wasn’t the screaming you wanted, you wanted something else.” Hannibal’s monster purred in encouragement, watching Will’s perfect mind fly through all the scenarios and possibilities. Hannibal wished he could break open the lovely skull and look inside, see an amazing machine at work.

“You’re sadistic… you could smell his fear, couldn’t you? You’re always sniffing me, but now that I think about it you smell everything. So it was Mark’s fear.” Hannibal nodded and moved some of Will’s loose curls behind his ear. So gentle.

“Correct. Mr. Fischer was acidic and gamey, along with the drunken state I found him in he was well fermented too,” humor laced the doctors voice something sinister.

Will nodded, paused, then frowned again with another question dancing on his tongue. “You took him, but where did he go?” Hannibal did not reply, just blinked. Will huffed in annoyance realizing he’d have to solve this too.

“No body has been found yet. You’re a perfectionist, so you would make sure nothing was left behind or trace of Mark seen… but I guess disposing him depends on how you killed Mark.” Oh, his darling was getting close, it had Hannibal on edge. He did not want to rush a single moment, let the truth strike Will down, down, down deep into Hannibal’s hellish pit where he can cling to the angel. Never let him go.

Can’t let him go.

“I don’t know how you killed him. Mark would have died during whatever you did, it wouldn’t be quick,” Will looked at Hannibal for a clue. Hannibal looked back. Will shifted again and a low whine was caught in his throat, purely bratty and spoiled. Hannibal relented a little.

Will’s eyes caught onto Hannibal’s tongue as the doctor licked his lips, tasting. Hannibal’s gaze never wavered, and it was quiet for a long time.
Hannibal was prepared to do what needed to be done.

Wil held his breath as he searched the meaning behind the action.

Then it clicked, and Will went rigid, and Hannibal did not move a muscle. Did not tighten his grip on his prey, did not lean closer. Will blinked slowly, hesitantly.

“You ate him.”

“No. We ate him.”

Will’s pupils blew hiding the blue sky in his eyes and welcoming Hannibal in with ebony darkness. Will licked his lips now.

“Tonight?”

Hannibal shook his head, “our date.”

“Oh.”

Alarms were screaming and flashing, a sense of that life changing dread, that Will would run and Hannibal would chase him, hunt him down and keep him close. Lock Will away in a gilded cage, Hannibal was too far gone now.

Will seemed to sense this, “you won’t let me leave, will you?” Hannibal tilted his head, preparing to ice over his dead heart and reinforce the fortresses of his mind for what must be done. Will nodded, almost accepting, but Hannibal won’t be fooled.

“Are you going to eat me?”

Hannibal stroked a gentle finger down Will’s cheek, appreciating the bravery his darling is showing, how calm he appears. Hannibal can feel the slight tremble underneath it all.

“Maybe. I do not wish to at the moment,” his words were so soft, pressing against Will’s mind.

“… aren’t you scared?”

“Why would I be scared?”

“I might eat you too,” they left Will’s lips a siren call and melted Hannibal’s heart. He actually felt his pulse quicken, and an appetite gathered. Hannibal’s monster had stopped purring minutes earlier, but
now it howled and ravaged for the sweet creature on his lap. In his hands, and leaning in close. Now Hannibal could accept death, only if Will promised to savor every last bite.

Will’s lips covered Hannibal’s a slow and sensual way, gently prodding, and testing every inch. Hannibal opened greedily, silently begging for Will to lean closer, melt into Hannibal’s skin and become one. Will’s hands snaked up between them, picking apart buttons and pulling off a tie. Hannibal could not help tilting his pelvis up as Will spread his legs further above the man. Hannibal assisted in the spread by opening up his own, leaving will straddling tight.

Will gasped as his luscious eyes grew distant with arousal, he began to ground down on Hannibal’s stiff cock. The friction made the doctor hiss and become rougher with his partner, pulling Will’s clothes apart and discarding them off the couch. Will had Hannibal’s waistcoat off and was halfway done with the shirt’s buttons. His fingers trembled, and Hannibal swooned, such a delicious young thing to be spoiled and tasted.

Hannibal had Will’s pants undone and shimmying down, he grew impatient and lifted the baker up as he stood, able to discard the offending clothing as Will squealed with the sudden change. His minx decided to wear underwear this time, tight black boxer briefs that made Will’s supple ass enticing. Hannibal plopped Will across his lap, belly down ass up, and kept a firm hand positioned between Will’s shoulders. Will wiggled, testing his restriction with his arms pinned under his chest, and Hannibal’s free hand brushed fingertips up the inside of Will’s thighs. This stopped his minx’s wiggling.
Hannibal hummed, tracing Will’s lithe form before squeezing his ass causing a hushed moan

to tumble from Will's lips. Hannibal pulled the briefs down just before the swell, and continued to massage and grope. Will settled across his lap, freed cock timidly rocking against Hannibal's legs and leaking precum. Sure to stain, the darling creature must be punished.

Without warning, Hannibal pulled back his hand and spanked Will's bottom. Will froze in his rocking, absolutely shocked and gasping at the sting. Hannibal did not use even an ounce of his true strength, but the unexpected nature of it had Will panting as more slaps followed. The adorable bottom was twinge pink and red, bruised from Hannibal's affection. Will was quivering everywhere from the mix of pain and pleasure, which had the younger man leaking faster.

"Mylimas, I did not know you responded so well to pain," Hannibal leaned over the pliant baker to kiss and nibble where his neck met his spine. Hannibal brought a harsher slap and Will yelped, toes curling and digging further into the leather.

Hannibal decided not to tease the poor creature further and grabbed a bottle of lube from the stand next to the couch. This was placed in the drawer before their first date, ever one to be prepared, Hannibal was generous lathering the lube between his fingers. He did not wait for it to cool before massaging and stretching Will's puckered and twitching hole. The stinging skin combined with the cold liquid drew a mewl from Will, oh so perfect.

His cock was heavy and still confined in his pants, Hannibal controlled the urge to rut against Will's cute stomach and focused on opening his partner up. Hannibal avoided Will's prostate, just teasing along to pull Will back from the edge of climax. Will gripped at the couch and tried to rock back with Hannibal's hand, but he was firm holding the baker in place.

"Hannibal, please…" the beginning of sweet begging and whimpers sang to Hannibal. Will hid his face in his arms, shaking in place against Hannibal's fingers. A third was added to the second, and Will instinctually spread his legs trying to pull Hannibal deeper.

"Will, darling, my sweet temptation, you're opening up for me," Hannibal let his voice deepen and surround the quivering young man, "just relax, you're so perfect for me."

Will keened under the praise, lifting his ass higher and panting. He called for Hannibal again, making the older gentleman's cock thicken. The restriction was unbearable, and Will was ready. Hannibal pulled his fingers out, smiling at Will's groan at the loss, and pulled the baker up off his lap and onto his back.

Hannibal stood beside the couch undoing his trousers and removing his boxers, Will eyed him with hunger and opened his legs beckoning Hannibal to fall between them. Hannibal applied more lube onto his aching cock and sat back aligning himself to Will's entrance, slippery and enticing.

Will shimmied down closer, almost forcing Hannibal right in, and he grinned devilishly at Will's eagerness. Hannibal laced their fingers together with one hand and with the other gripped Will's slender hip before pushing in. Will immediately tightened around him crying out at the intrusion, not letting Hannibal go. He only had pushed the tip of his cock past the rim, already groaning into that sinful heat. It pulsed and sucked him in, Hannibal did not

resist and continued to push inch by inch in. Will was shaking and babbling, squeezing Hannibal's hand almost painfully.

"Ah! Ah, Hannibal, oh god!" His legs instinctually hugged around Hannibal not letting him pull out of the heat causing a growl to rumble throat his chest. He leaned forward to kiss and lick Will's mouth, comforting his darling.

Will sighed and seemed to be reassured by this, legs loosening around Hannibal's waist. Hannibal tested this by rocking a bit inside Will, allowing the man to relax around the sensation. Will opened up beautifully, "perfect mylimas, let me take care of you," Hannibal murmured into his ear.

That's when Hannibal's hips began to move, drawing further from tight suction before pushing back into melting euphoria that is Will. His cock was burying deeper and deeper, letting Will stretch for him.
Will's eyes fluttered shut, mouth agape in a constant moan as he's filled and stuffed over and over again. Will seemed content with this, until Hannibal adjusted angles and brushed against the sensitive bud inside Will. The younger man immediately arched his back, ribs protruding and presenting adorable nipples. Hannibal rutted against Will's prostate and curled over the baker to lick the rosy buds. Will cried out and a hand found it's way into Hannibal's hair, tugging.

He lathered each nipple with his devotion, giving Will enough friction to pull him to the edge, but not enough to push him over.
"P-please I can't Hannibal! Ah, more, please please!" Will pushed his ass down on Hannibal's cock demanding more. Hannibal bit down on a nipple and snapped his hips back all the way out before thrusting back in. He felt more rumbling in his chest, Hannibal's control was slipping.

Will wailed louder, Hannibal moved both hands to bruise Will's hips as he pounded into him. Sweat beaded Will's brow, and Hannibal took a moment to appreciate how truly debauched his darling looked. Gorgeous and reactive to every little touch, Will was perfect.

Hannibal felt Will tighten and pulse around him as Will's voice grew louder. Hannibal could feel that he was close, but in their current position, it wouldn't be enough. Hannibal pulled out, Will was limp gasping on the leather. The doctor smirked and kissed Will's sweaty forehead and brushed the curls from his face, maneuvering Will's body across the arm of the couch, ass in the air and a pillow cushioning his chest. Hannibal wasted no time sliding back in, watching as his thick shaft disappear into Will.

Simply exquisite.

Hannibal wrapped a fist around Will's weeping cock and pumped him as he snapped his hips at a brutal pace. Will blabbered Hannibal's name and the word 'deeper' over and over as his legs threatened to give out. Hannibal draped his body over Will's to surround him in heat as Hannibal pounded his prostate, tears were streaming down the younger man's face.

"Oh god! Hannibal harder-," Will moaned sinfully, "im, I'm gonna cum!" He whimpered and twitched, hole clenching around Hannibal's cock without give.

Hannibal snarled and bit down on Will’s shoulder, canines drawing blood as Will came crying his name like a prayer. Hannibal did not slow down, chasing his own climax as vision blurred and he cummed in Will, pumping through it. Will begged him to slow down, oversensitive and quaking from his orgasm.

Hannibal licked the blood swelling from Will’s shoulder, panting and chest heaving from their coupling. Hannibal rolled them both over, not pulling out of Will should he try to limp away. He was Hannibal’s, nobody will ever touch his baker again. Will shall spend the rest of his days being brought to Earth-shattering orgasms and pleasure in Hannibal’s arms.

Will let out an exhausted sigh and was fully limp against Hannibal’s chest. His eyelids fluttered and he whimpered, drawing forth Hannibal’s attention.

“… kiss?”

Hannibal, utterly obsessed and infatuated, was helpless to resist such a request and peppered Will with chaste kisses. Doting on the baker and massaging his sore hips and sides.

“Anything, mylimas, anything.”

Will smiled deviously, “I’m going to be hungry later…”

Hannibal’s eyes darkened and placed one last kiss on Will’s plush lips.

“How does heart tartare sound?”

“Lovely.”

END

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, thank you! *bows to an empty audience*

Were you satisfied with the ending? Will was already a serial killer so I felt his own private journey in "becoming" had already happened but he lost his way somewhere. Hannibal butchering an animal abuser and feeding them to Will (what a coincident! Totally not the writer making things easier so they'd shag already) seemed more like the poetic justice Will could get behind and still want to be with Hannibal.

Also, I never realized how much subconscious dislike I had for Alana until writing this chapter! I loved her in season 3, but 1-2 I wasn't a huge fan (I will say its based on her character's actions not on the actual actress or writing, that was done well). I did not want to elongate her death, and there were several endings I went through such as Will

and Hannibal massacring everyone in the house. I guess I wanted things to wrap up nicely and more neatly than that possible bloodbath.

Penny has joined Will's pack, and is given all the treats and snuggles in the world. Hannibal did not overdose her or harm her. Will arrived shortly after Hannibal left with Mark's body to bring Penny home to Wolftrap.

Lastly, thank you for reading and the tremendous support for this two-chapter story! I am currently working on a full story line called Alone Together which will be at least a 25+ chapter fanfiction. It is mostly plotted out, I just need to hash out the juicy details! Please be on the lookout for another piece I will be releasing the first chapter too, I will not give anything away except this one spoiler:

Beau Graham makes a deal with a Wendigo and is not prepared to pay the price.

EEEEEEE-okay

Once again, thank you for reading!
Stay schnazzy!

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